



STRAYED

PHOTO BY THE REV. A. H. BLAKE



SCHOOL-BOY STUDIES, II. — LATE AGAIN!

DRAWN BY ST. JOHN AINSLIE

*St. John Ainslie.*



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF THIEDE.

#### SUMMARY:

*The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest. In the meantime Mr. Burnage has made up his mind to marry Angela, being convinced that he has only to ask her. Just about this time Dr. Lamb, after divers conversations with the young man, writes to his banker instructing him to place £8,000 to the credit of Claudius Sandell. It must be remembered that a conversation between Claudius and Dr. and Mrs. Lamb has put the doctor in a position to clear Claudius with his father. He declines to do it, or to let his wife do it. In the next chapter Dr. Lamb makes an extraordinary proposal to Claudius. It is that he shall have the above-named sum paid in to his credit, eight days wherein to enjoy it, and that then he shall hand over the remainder of his life to Dr. Lamb without condition or question. Claudius agrees. Before he starts to spend his eight days of freedom he is warned by Mrs. Lamb not to come back. On the first day he meets Angela Wycherley, and is so attracted that he at once decides to go to Guilbridge, where she and her people are going to stop. They dine with him, and he falls more deeply in love.*

#### CHAPTER XIII.

**A**FTER breakfast on Tuesday morning Claudius took the morning papers out into the garden, and stretched himself comfortably under the mulberry tree on the lawn to

glance through them. He had had a long swim in the river before breakfast, and had eaten a breakfast that would not have discredited a criminal on the morning of his execution. As he lay

there in a light flannel suit, with his pipe in his mouth, and the *Times* open before him, he felt perfectly placid and contented. The day was glorious; in a few hours he would see Angela again and be riding by her side. He was so absorbed in feeling that life was good that he could forget that for him it was so brief. He glanced up for the first time in his life, over a report of the mining market. He wondered which out of the long list it was that Mr. Wycherley had been told to buy. His eye was attracted by the name Martenhuis Deep. That might be it or might not. Possibly it was not even in that list at all. He flung the paper down and picked up another. He opened it casually, and once more the same name caught his eye—Martenhuis Deep. He noted that the shares were to be bought at 13-16. He recollected at the same time that he knew personally his father's broker. For a few minutes he lay back and reflected. Then he got up and walked briskly back into the hotel. He wrote a hurried note to the broker asking him to purchase four thousand Martenhuis Deep and giving the name of his banker. He sent this off at once by a messenger to town. He had never transacted any business of the kind before. He was not even clear if his note was correct and the commission would be executed, or if he had omitted any necessary formality. By the second post came a letter from Dr. Gabriel Lamb written in a small neat hand on thick white paper. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SANDELL,—How on earth did you get the preposterous notion that I entered into our contract in a commercial spirit, and would be likely to close it for a consideration of one hundred, or more, per cent? You really do me an injustice. Remember that you were positively reluctant to take the sum that you will fully earn. I had, to satisfy my own conscience, actually to insist. Should I, if I had been commercially-minded, have spent eight thousand pounds on what I might have obtained with equal ease for eight hundred or merely as a return for such poor hospitality and attention as I was able to show you—a consideration of no value whatever except for the pleasure your company gave us. It is a pity, of course, that you have met her—you obviously have met her, you know. Under these circumstances I

waited to reply to your letter until I had once more thought the matter over. The notion had occurred to me that you might perhaps (in the event of that 'stroke of luck') be able to find and purchase a substitute. I had to decide whether I would accept a substitute. Speaking quite frankly, any young man of a normal type would, if I could only trust him, suit me just as well as yourself. But I am afraid that I cannot trust anyone as well as I trust you. Mind, I have nothing but the word of the other party to the contract. He has but to break his word and he can go. I have no legal hold.

"For the matter of that, you have only to break your word. You are not watched. I do not know whether you have left London for Guilbridge in order to be with her or in order to avoid her—I think the former and hope the latter. Even if I had you watched I should have no power to compel you to come to me next Saturday at midnight and to be mine, to do as I please with. It remains with you—if you break your word, you will not come. Otherwise only the death of one or other of us will end the contract. I need not point out again that murder or suicide would have for you—in addition to the conventional objections—the objection that either act would be dishonourable. But although I can hold out no hope to you—the enthusiasm of my work which requires you is stronger than myself—I can honestly sympathize with you. You entered into that agreement when you had no motive for living—you have now found the motive. It is possible that within the few remaining days you may have that motive strengthened—possible, even, that you may find yourself in a position to offer me absurd sums to free you, as you suggest. This will make you feel bitter against what the story-teller calls fate and, though unjustly, bitter against me.

"Believe me, my dear Sandell, the best romance is the briefest. Though I am acting in the interests of my work and without the least regard to your own private interests, I do you a service in saving you from satiety. Come away from life while it is still giving you youth, and poetry, and romance and possibilities. I myself should have left it long ago had not my work detained me.

"It may interest you to hear that the bay mare, whose temper has daily grown more damnable, has killed the coachman.



Did not you say that she would kill somebody? I never have drove her myself—my life is valuable to humanity. The coachman was not a perfect coachman. But his widow has already called twice at the house apparently with no other motive than to tell me that he would have preferred to live (which I could have conjectured for myself) and to have hysterics on the door mat.

"We leave England next Sunday, and, of course, you with us. I have sold the

the way, there is no earthly likelihood of your finding anything of the kind, but I thought I would mention it on the barest of bare chances, as you have a palate and understand my taste.

"If my wife were in the room, I am sure she would join me in sending kind regards. Her health is at present a subject for the gravest anxiety. *Au plaisir.*

Cordially yours,

"GABRIEL LAMB."



"UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE"

house, and preparations for departure are already being made. If you happen to come across any really fine madeira, would you let me know, or better still, order twelve dozen to be packed for shipping and sent to me here. I have nearly finished my own wine, and my wine merchant seems to think that I will buy disease and disappointment at a hundred and twenty the dozen. This is quite above the current market quotation for such commodities, as I have explained to him. I would pay double that to get exactly the wine I want. By

Claudius read this letter through twice, and put it in his pocket. He walked up and down thinking about it. Certain phrases in it haunted him. His suspicions of the doctor came back again—came back with more force and would not be dispelled. He had strange and horrible fears for the future before him. He could not put them from him till he was cantering over the turf with Angela beside him. Angela was not a very experienced horsewoman, but she was not nervous. A child would have been safe with the mare she was riding—

perfectly made and as kind and easy as possible. In the exhilaration of the ride and the presence of Angela, the worst could be easily forgotten.

From the heath their way lay through a gate into a grassy lane with high hedges on either side. As they approached the gate at a walking pace two youths—humorous louts apparently—shut the gate, latched it, and then ran off laughing down the lane. "Please wait here a moment," said Claudius to Angela quietly.

He wheeled his horse round and then put it at the gate. Over he went and down the lane after those louts.

He returned in a minute, literally driving them before him, with a pleasant smile on his face. Men who smile pleasantly when they have lost their temper are mostly dangerous. Possibly the two louts knew this. Their choice lay between going back to the gate, being ridden down, and pulling Claudius off his horse; they decided to go back to the gate. "Open it," said Claudius curtly, "and hold it open until we're through."

"It was only a joke," said one of them rather sheepishly, as he pulled the gate back.

"So's this," replied Claudius. "Don't let it go any further than that."

Claudius rode up to Angela, laughing, and returned through the gate with her. His fit of temper had completely vanished. He flung a coin to the youths as they passed.

"To show them that their civility will pay them better than their humour," he explained.

"That was rather pretty," said Angela.

"And rather silly, I'm afraid," said Claudius. "I don't know exactly why, but I feel a little like a circus rider in consequence. I expected a bad brass band to begin as I came down the lane, and was rather disappointed that it didn't."

"O, no!" Angela answered. "You were in a very bad temper. Many a poor child has had its pudding and its pocket-money cut off for less."

"Leave me my pudding, and I will apologise."

"I've got the nastiest possible temper myself."

"I can't pretend to believe it," said Claudius. "You ask too much. But look, here we are at the inn!"

Mrs. Wycherley had not yet arrived.

Angela said that she would order tea, while Claudius saw that the horses were properly looked after. They met in the garden of the inn—a picturesque garden, dotted about with tables and chairs and arbours.

"Have you ordered a very good tea?"

"Well," said Angela, "I've done my best. The place looked so tumble-down and old, and out of the world, that I had great expectations of it. I hoped that there would be a surly landlord who would say that he never had been asked for tea and wouldn't give us it. Then I should have persuaded him, and bribed him, and helped to cut the bread-and-butter, and gradually he would have got to like me."

"It's not impossible," said Claudius.

"But the place is different, spoiled by the patronage of the tripper—ruined by civilization. I gave my orders to a trim little person in a clean London apron, with a lot of nasty little hotel ways. And there was a tariff, mark you, Mr. Sandell, a horrible fixed tariff with three kinds of tea on it—plain tea, tea with eggs, and tea with meat."

"Tea with meat would be extravagant and ostentatious. If you have ordered that, I refuse to pay for my share, or to countenance it in any way except by eating it."

"But I didn't, neither did I order the plain tea, because it sounded dull, and also because I thought it would make the trim person think that we were not wealthy. I went in for the golden menu, which takes the form of eggs."

"And where are we going to have the golden menu?"

"Out here in the garden. I insisted on honey and cream. I prayed the trim person if only for a few hours to be as pastoral and unsophisticated as possible. And she said, 'O, you'll find us quite punctual!' So possibly she hasn't caught the spirit of the thing."

"Possibly not. Why this hunger and thirst after pastorality?"

"Because I'm in the country," she said impetuously; "because all of a sudden I hate horrible, vulgar, complex, social, dirty, striving, mean London life. It has made me so bad, and I want to be better again. O, I'm much more in earnest than you think! Really, really, I am! It's been coming upon me lately—and quite suddenly, I know it. I'm a changed girl."



"DRIVING THEM BEFORE HIM"

There was a whimsical smile on her face, but her eyes were serious and looking out for sympathy.

"Yes! tell me all about it."

"It would be a heavenly thing to confess everything. You confessed to me a little, didn't you, at our house the other night? I haven't been criminal in spots—no murders or burglaries, or things of that kind. I've only been mildly always and altogether wrong. I believe I would have been good if the world and circumstances had not spoiled me. I was very vulgar in one way, and very angry with anybody who was very vulgar in the other way. I didn't know the right value of things. I ran after straws that were worth nothing. I see now that nothing's more vulgar than to think much about vulgarity and to use the word."

"This is subtle."

"Subtle! Ah, believe me, I am fairly crying for simplicity. If I could get work as a dairy-maid, not the stage dairy-maid, but the real thing, I might save my soul alive. As it is I"—she made a movement of her hands to her throat—"I am choked in London. It's all one game of brag—silly, undignified brag. I've played at it—loathed it—and gone on playing it. Every one tries for an effect, and most of them miss it and are laughed at for their failure, and those who get it find that it is not worth getting. One manages and schemes and does humiliating things to secure—what?—less than the fluff on that seeding dandelion."

"Is this all quite serious?"

"Yes. If you like, it is the cynicism of extreme youth, and therefore counts for nothing. But it's not assumed, at any rate. I'm being very honest this afternoon."

With the arrival of Mrs. Wycherley and tea, Angela suddenly changed her tone. She was no longer mournful; her eyes brightened, her talk was full of the brightest and maddest raillery. But as Claudius and she rode back again together, she as suddenly became very quiet.

They had ridden for some time, side by side, without a word, when Angela raised her head and said:

"Mr. Sandell, what are you thinking about?"

"I had the presumption to be thinking about you."

"What are you thinking about me?"

"That you have as many moods as an April day."

"Do you mind?"

"I would have nothing altered."

"You enter into all my moods. When I am in good spirits, you are in good spirits too. How can you do it with the end so near for you? I think I shall ask you to tell me the rest of your story very soon. I have not forgotten it."

There was a pause, and then she added, "I am in a sad mood now." Their eyes met, and she read the sympathy that he did not speak. He found himself wishing that the ride might last for ever, on and on in a perpetual quiet summer afternoon. He desired nothing better than the strange exaltation that he felt just now. The ride lasted exactly until half-past six. Angela praised Jeannie, the mare that she had been riding. She thanked Claudius.

"You must ride her again if you like her," said Claudius.

"She's an adorable beauty and too good for me. Perhaps. And thank you again, Mr. Sandell. Good-bye."

Even as he left her he knew that he was to see her again that night. He felt sure of it. After dinner he strolled out on to the heath. It was growing dark, and the twilight was cool and fascinating. He was not surprised to see her standing silhouetted against the sky, a slender grey figure. Nor did she seem surprised as she turned and saw him.

"Are you not afraid to be out alone?"

"No—no, thank you. When we are in the country, I often do this. Mamma writes one letter, and then goes to bed early—and I, if I'm restless, walk until I'm tired. See—I have my own key."

"Would you rather be by yourself, Miss Wycherley, or, may I——?"

"If you would walk with me, and tell me the rest now—the rest of the story."

He began at once. He told the story as briefly as possible, wasting no word on apologies for telling it. He told how, an outcast from his own home, a failure in the work he had attempted, with no tie to life, and no motive for living, worn out by privations and disappointment, he had been found by Dr. Gabriel Lamb. He dwelt at length on the kindness of the doctor and his wife, and tried to indicate the character of the man. He described how the agreement came



to be made, and told the precise terms of it.

"Thank you for telling me," she said quietly when he had finished. "It's worse than I had feared. Is there no other way? Can he not be bought?"

"I thought of that—only yesterday I wrote and asked him. Early this morning I ventured on a mining speculation—your father had spoken of such things the night before. I do not care in the least for gambling of any kind—it doesn't amuse me. I know nothing whatever of the shares I have bought, except their name and present price. I somehow felt sure—it was a silly presentiment, but a strong one—that I was right and that I should make a profit large enough to buy my release. I had hardly sent off the order to the broker, before the second post came in. The doctor refuses to cancel the agreement for any money consideration whatever. I believe that he really does not care for money in the least—or for anything very much except his work."

"Is the name of the mine Martenhuis Deep?"

"Yes—why? How do you know?"

"Because, as we were coming here yesterday, papa asked me jokingly if I should like him to make a fortune. He said he could make one in less than a week by buying Martenhuis Deep, but that he wouldn't do it, because it was outside his legitimate business. As you were speaking, the name flashed into my memory again. Wait, there is another thing I want to ask you. Will you let me see the manuscript of your novel?"

"I would, but I have sent it off to another publisher."

"Why—why," she exclaimed impatiently, "did you not do that before the agreement?"

"The book had been refused twice, and I was quite hopeless about it. But if I had known that the agreement was coming, I think I should have tried again first. I did not know. It came suddenly—time was apparently of great importance to the doctor, and he would not have waited for the publisher's decision. Then I was under great obligations to him. He had saved my life, clothed me, fed me, treated me with the most delicate kindness and perfect trust. By accepting, I repaid him: if I refused, I saw nothing before me."

"It is too soon to say yet. But if everything came now—now in these few days—now when it is too late, that would be terrible. Do not be angry with me, Mr. Sandell, for what I am going to say. You tell me that the doctor has no legal hold on you. I think he has no moral hold—that he is not acting in good faith. Have you thought of the possibility of—of breaking your word?"

"I am not angry with you," said Claudius with a dreary smile. "I'm no better than other men, and I've thought of it. If I did it, I daresay for a few days I should feel nothing but relief, freedom, pleasure. The other thing would come though—I should feel that I had broken my promise, betrayed a man who trusted me. I should feel that I had done it through cowardice. It would not be possible to live like that. Perhaps it would be easier to break my word, if he had a legal hold upon me—if I ran the least risk in breaking it—if it were not mere cowardice."

"Yes, yes, I see," said Angela. "I had not guessed what the story would be, and very often when I have been laughing and—generally silly—you must have hated it, and thought me unsympathetic. You know, when you were at your house, I gave you my sympathy, and I meant it. Only, I did not know that it was so horrible or quite so hopeless then, and so sometimes——"

"Ah! Do not alter! Let me be happy for the little time that is left!"

Angela laughed a little mirthless laugh. "I feel," she said, "as if I had been playing the fool at a funeral."

"No, no. If you must reproach anyone, reproach me for having done a reckless and suicidal thing and for having distressed you by telling you about it. I have told no one else."

"I wanted you to tell me about it—I would not have that different. Will you please let me go home alone, Mr. Sandell? Now, please, good-night."

Her small cold hand touched his a moment, and she had turned and gone. As he stood still watching her as she walked away, he heard through the still night a faint sound, and knew that she was sobbing.

He went back to the hotel, cursing himself for all he told her, cursing that excellent Lady Verrider for her well-meant advice that had led him to do it. He spent a wretched and sleepless night.

In the letter which Mrs. Wycherley wrote to her husband, she said :

"Angela has gone for one of her favourite evening strolls — just after dinner — but the young never think of these things. A good daughter she always was, but really she improves. Never corrects me now if I do or say anything that isn't quite as it should

be. Less strict she seems to be, and fonder. We have much to be thankful for. Not one touch or one twinge since I've been here — country air and plain food account for it. The cooking is good here with the exception of the gravies — no richness or strength in them, but I've not spoken about it yet."

---

## GRAY - EYES

---

GRAY eyes and gold hair—  
Who remembers you were fair,  
Gray - Eyes?

You were half a fairy then :  
Are you claimed of them again,  
Gray - Eyes?

Sailing over perilous seas,  
Dreaming under rowan-trees :  
Quiet heart and empty hand,  
Are you back in Fairyland,  
Gray - Eyes?

You were cold as winter snow  
To the soul that sought to know  
Creed and whimsy, old or new,  
Heights and deeps and dreams of you,  
Gray - Eyes.

Are you kinder now your feet  
Lose my paths, O cold and sweet  
Gray - Eyes?

Much I sowed and naught I reap,  
Come and give me dreams to keep—  
Be not as of old you were—  
Cold as death, as void of care,  
Gray - Eyes!

Nay, but come without the change—  
I should find the warm heart strange,  
Gray - Eyes.

Come to me—as cold as snow,  
For I loved you thus, you know,  
Gray - Eyes.

NORA HOPPER.

# Black and White Artists of To-Day

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

## FOURTH PART

**C.** E. BROCK was born in London in '70, and on leaving school studied at Cambridge under Mr. Henry Wiles, the sculptor, and at the local School of Art. His first published black and white work was the illustrations to a humorous book published by Routledge and Co. Since then he has worked for Walter Scott

Academy. He went through the Egyptian Campaign as war artist to the *Graphic*, and afterwards designed the war correspondents' memorial now in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the foundation of the *Daily Graphic* he devoted most of his time to, and did a vast number of drawings for, that paper, and now his work is about equally divided between



C. E. BROCK  
Photo by F. J. Thomson

and Co., Macmillan and Co., Longmans and Co., and others.

Herbert Johnson received his art training at the Royal Academy, where he gained several first-class prizes and a life studentship. While still at the Academy schools he commenced drawing for the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*. As special artist of the *Graphic* he accompanied the Prince of Wales throughout the Indian tour, receiving the Indian medal from the Prince's hands. On his return he painted a large picture of *A Tiger Hunt* for the Prince and other subjects for members of his staff, which were exhibited at the Royal



HERBERT JOHNSON

the *Graphic* and the *Daily Graphic*, with occasional book and magazine illustration.

William Small started as a wood engraver, and afterwards took to drawing. His exquisite work has appeared regularly in the *Graphic* since it started, and he has illustrated many books. He has also illustrated stories in *Harper's Magazine*. In addition to black and white work he has painted and exhibited both oil and water-colours at the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours respectively, and was elected a member of the latter, but resigned a few years ago.

The Chantrey Bequest purchased one of his pictures, and Mr. Ruskin another.

Lancelot Speed is a young artist who has illustrated stories in many of the leading illustrated magazines and newspapers. Among the former may be mentioned the *Windsor* and the *English Illustrated*. His drawings are always notable for vigour and spirit.

A. E. Sterner, though he made his reputation in America, was born in Islington in '63, and mainly educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham. There were seven hundred boys here, and he took the first drawing prize; yet the years between sixteen and eighteen were spent in a German iron-foundry. He then followed his friends to America, and in Chicago began at lithography, going on with wood engraving and the designing of stained glass windows. Four years later he went to New York, and at once began to draw

has worked for *Harper's* since '90. He has illustrated divers books, and has latterly done much work for *Black and White*.

J. F. Sullivan writes: "You ask for some facts connected with my career. I regret that there is not much to tell which would interest the public; in fact, the circumstances surrounding my birth and childhood are more curious than the 'career' itself. 'Career' is an ambitious word! My father was vicar of a Devonshire village. His father was, I have heard, an undertaker in a small way of business. The undertaker, my grandfather, was, according to family tradition, possessed of a keen sense of humour: my father, the vicar, certainly was: in fact, his love of practical jokes led him into more than one predicament. Somewhere about the year '59 my father was already an elderly widower, with a grown-up son who had 'gone to the bad' and had not been heard of for years. Serious persons



WILLIAM SMALL



LANCELOT SPEED  
Photo by Ashdown



ALBERT E. STERNER  
Photo by Falk, New York

for the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Life*. Four times he visited Paris to study and to paint. In '91 his *The Bachelor* received honourable mention at the Champs Elysées Salon, and since then he has exhibited steadily at both Salons. He

probably considered my father decidedly eccentric. There is a tradition as to his having once caused strained relations between his bishop and himself by carving a caricature of his lordship — on the occasion of a visitation to the neigh-



bouring town—on the door of the village school-house. The bishop is said to have driven over specially to see it: and there was some fuss. About the end of the year '59 the daughter of a farmer suddenly disappeared from her father's farm near the village. She was known to be a thoroughly good girl; and her disappearance was utterly unaccountable. My father, as her pastor, was terribly shocked; but, feeling absolutely convinced that no blame attached to the girl, decided to do his best to trace her. After much inquiry, he found that she had gone to London: and there he found her, playing a small part at Astley's Theatre. During his efforts to persuade her to return to her home he fell in love with her; and, being a man of nearly seventy at the time, married her. He never returned to his flock: the fact being that the relations between his bishop and himself had become more strained than ever, in consequence of a letter, full of paternal advice and correction, which he had addressed to the bishop on the question of certain details of which my father disapproved in the management of the diocese. Late in the year 1860 I was born—in a poor little room near the Waterloo Bridge Road. My parents had little to live upon—only a very small annuity. Poverty had not robbed my father of his taste for jokes; and my mother has since told me how she found him one evening, in borrowed evening dress, seated, with a snowy table napkin spread over his knees, at a whelk-stall in Lambeth Marsh, partaking



J. F. SULLIVAN  
Drawn by himself

with great state and ceremony of a plate of whelks and a glass of water. When I was about nine years of age

about at the hand of fortune, had become a screever—yes, a poor creature who draws with coloured chalks on the pavement! He divided his very small takings with my mother; and one day I tried my hand at pavement decoration, and succeeded so well that I became his assistant and junior partner, and remained so for several months. I distinctly recall every line of that first attempt at drawing of mine—it was a black-and-white caricature of a bishop in a mitre: for I had not the daring to attempt the more delicate art of colour! My extremely crude caricatures drew more coppers per hour than my half-brother's works had ever secured; and I



ADOLF THIEDE

my father died, and the small annuity ceased: in the nick of time, however, my mother was found by my half-brother, the son who had 'gone to the bad.' No doubt these sordid details will disgust the refined and alienate their sympathies for ever from



EDGAR WILSON  
Photo by Clarke and Clarke

believe I was actually beginning to harbour wild hopes of fame in that line, when my mother unexpectedly came in for a legacy sufficient to produce an income of two or three hundreds a year. I was sent to school; and, subsequently, back to the neighbourhood of the South Kensington Museum—not to George's pitch (which no longer existed) but a few paces off, to the School of Art. There ended all the romance in my 'career': for since that I have merely drawn and written things in return for cheques. My—possibly misdirected—efforts have covered acres of unoffending paper with verse (serious and comic), prose (in the way of short stories and articles), and drawings of assorted kinds; the latest demonstrations being, at the present time, a book of stories for



HUGH THOMSON, R.I.  
Photo by Naudin, Kensington

me; but I, strange to say, feel no shame in relating them, for they are not a record of crime. Well, then—my half-brother, George, after many knockings



OSCAR WILSON  
Photo by Van der Weyde

children called *The Flame Flower*, and a parody entitled *Belial's Burdens*. Indulgent critics tell me, to my very face, that my works are intended to benefit humanity and increase the gaiety of nations: severe critics say quite otherwise. All are misinformed; my true object in working being to secure money for the purpose of buying old oak and armour, which I feel to be bare necessities of existence. My mother—who is about to read these lines—is (in my opinion) a very pretty girl still, and will be for many years yet; but my half-brother the screever died in comfort, years ago. The portrait I send you is not exactly a photo from life, but is considered an excellent likeness by my mother."

Adolf Thiede was born in London in '64, and commenced his studies at South Kensington immediately on leaving school near Canterbury. From the autumn of '79, when he entered the South Kensington Schools, then under the directorship of Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., he worked from the antique, and afterwards, in the Life school, remaining some three or four years under the guidance of the South Kensington authorities, and gaining

a gold and two bronze medals, besides other prizes. He then decided to continue his studies at the Royal Academy, and was admitted a student in '84. He remained some years, making excursions in the vacations to Berlin and other artistic centres. He had already exhibited a portrait at the Royal Academy in '82 while yet a student at South Kensington, and had for comrades men like Shannon, Llewellyn, &c. Since then he has exhibited various works at the R.A. and other London galleries. His black and white illustration work has appeared in most of the leading illustrated journals in London, and he will be known to our readers as the illustrator of Barry Pain's new serial in *THE LUDGATE* and a frequent contributor to *Black and White*.



T. WALTER WILSON

Hugh Thomson, R.I., was born in Ireland in '60, and came to London at twenty-one. After a while he fell in with

of the lighter illustrated journals, notably *Pick-Me-Up*, the *Sketch*, and *St. Paul's*. He has also done excellent work as an illustrator for *Black and White*, and his striking cover design for the last Summer Number of the journal was remarkably successful.



LOUIS WAIN  
Photo by Fradelle and Young

Mr. Comyns Carr, who was just starting the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Encouraged by him he did most excellent work which gained an immediate popularity. He has drawn for many illustrated journals, but his fame seems likely to depend chiefly on his book illustrations. *Days with Sir Roger de Coverley* came first, in '86, and was followed two years later by *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*. After this came *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Cranford*, the *Ballad of Beau Brocade*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Coydon's Song*, and others. He was elected R.I. a few months ago, when Phil May received the same honour.

There are few illustrated periodicals in this country that have not benefited by their use of the admirable decorative work of Edgar Wilson. It may be said of him, as of more than one other artist in black and white, that much of his best was given to the world in the pages of the *Butterfly*, unhappily defunct. As you might imagine from his work, he is greatly enamoured of the art of Japan, and his collection of Japanese colour prints is among the best in this country. When *The Geisha* was first produced at Daly's Theatre it was natural that he should be selected to design the necessary poster.

Oscar Wilson has contributed to most

T. Walter Wilson, R.I., is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours and the Institute of Journalists. He was born in London in '51, and entered the South Kensington Art Schools in '68. He studied there until '73, obtaining National Gold Medal, National Silver Medal (five times), National Scholarship, &c. He has been deputed on special service for the Science and Art Department, and is designer to Messrs. Wyon, medallists, Messrs. Benson, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, jewellers. He studied art in France, Belgium and Holland. He was elected Associate of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours (now the Royal Institute) in '77; full Member, '79; and Member of Council, &c., from '82. Since '72 he has been a constant contributor to illustrated journalism, working for the *Graphic*, *Illus-*



ENOCH WARD  
Photo by the London Photographic Co.

trated *London News*, and *Black and White* amongst other journals.

Louis Wain, whose cats are known the wide world over, began by caring a good deal more about music than art, but presently took to the latter pursuit,



and gradually learned how much work has to be done before good results can be obtained. His first notable success was a big *Cat's Party*, done on a commission of Sir William Ingram for the *Illustrated London News*. Since then he has worked for almost every illustrated paper and magazine, and has drawn some 30,000 cats, yet his *Bachelor's Party* and *The Wedding Breakfast*, two coloured pictures published at the end of '96, were out of print on publication, a fact that shows his popularity unimpaired. His knowledge of cats naturally made him president of the National Cat Club, an institution which he steered through very stormy waters, and which, with the Duchess of Bedford as president, is now exceeding prosperous. "I have one old pet cat, Peter," he says, "who has seen me through my career, and is almost the master of my destiny."

Enoch Ward commenced to draw as soon as he could get hold of a pencil, but his first serious studies were from the freehand copies of the Science and Art Department, at a small school in the village of Parkgate, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire. His parents removed to Chicago when he was eleven, so he spent a good part of his youth there. He returned to England when he was twenty, and studied for some time at South Kensington. He left to learn wood-engraving with Mr. Charles Roberts, and spent three years at that, working chiefly for *The Graphic*. His intention was to engrave his own drawings, but this he found to be too much for him, so he devoted himself entirely to drawing. Before doing so, he spent the best part of a year in Paris, working for various

engravers there. He returned to Chicago and drifted gradually into illustrative work. In '90 he was in London again and became one of the little army who were preparing for the new illustrated weekly paper, *Black and White*, and what with books and magazines here he is yet.

Stanley L. Wood was born in Monmouthshire thirty years ago, and went to the United States as a boy, living in



STANLEY L. WOOD

Kansas and Missouri, and getting impressions of wild life that have stood him in good stead. He studied for a little while at the West London evening life-class, and since then has seen Australia and twice re-visited America. The last visit was to Texas and Arizona, where he fraternised with cowboys and rested from the labours of illustrating *A Bid for Fortune* and *Dr. Nikola* for the *Windsor*, and of executing the *Windsor* poster. His first work was done for James Henderson's papers. Since then he has worked for the *Idler*,

and done much book illustration for Cassell and Co. and other publishers. He has been connected with *Black and White* since the early days of that journal. He has exhibited military pictures at the Royal Academy and other London exhibitions.

R. Caton Woodville has worked so industriously and with such striking success that it is scarce necessary to

to follow the career of art from the beginning, but circumstances decreed that he should enter the Navy. He eventually got his freedom, and after some study at a night school in Manchester, and a few months of study in Paris, he began to work seriously as a black and white artist. He was virtually on the staff of *Black and White* when that journal was started, and continued to work for it for a considerable time. His first drawings were



R. CATON WOODVILLE  
Photo by Bassano



H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT  
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

dilate upon his work, most of which of late years has appeared in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*. Before all else he is a celebrator of the heroic deeds of the British Army in all ages, and his pictures of men and horses in action are beyond praise. When he takes to painting he remains too much the black and white man. His work, as you saw recently in his *Dr. Jameson's Last Stand*, has all the admirable qualities of his drawings, but it is curiously lacking in colour.

H. C. Seppings Wright had the desire

accepted by the *Pictorial World*, and he has drawn for almost all illustrated papers of any importance. Some time ago he joined the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, going as the war correspondent of that journal through the late campaign in Ashantee and the Soudan. Our readers will remember that it was he who, with Charles M. Sheldon, the artist of *Black and White*, got thrown into the Nile by the capsizing of a boat, and floated down on the current for a cool twenty miles, before gaining the banks of the river in a condition of considerable *dèshabille*.



# *A Sacred Duty*

WRITTEN BY WALTER E. GROGAN ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

**I** AM no traitor to his Majesty. God save the King!"

Sir Henry Trenton spoke with a clear voice, drawing himself up as though on parade, a goodly young man with brown hair curling over his shoulders, some six feet in height, and broad of chest withal. The summer sunlight filtered through the coloured windows and stained the face of Judge Jeffreys blood-red. He leaned over and spoke to Sir Gerald Mortimer, Sheriff of Exeter, who was both prosecuting and bearing witness against Sir Henry. Sir Gerald answered hurriedly. He seemed to be urging some matter with malignant fury. One face, a woman's, set in the crowd of faces thronging the Exeter Guildhall, watched the conference with strained intensity. The prisoner looked at the public with calm indifference. The judge sat back in his chair. He looked weary, for he had doomed some thirty men that day, and the night before had been one of rioting and debauchery.

"That is not the question," he said. His voice was harsh and grating. "You are accused of sheltering a malignant Nonconformist, one William Wetherell. The accusation has been made good by Sir Gerald Mortimer. I can see no reason why the jury should not find you guilty."

The twelve honest men and true shuffled uneasily in their box. The foreman looked furtively at the judge and paled involuntarily.

"William Wetherell has not yet been found or convicted of being at Sedgemoor. You cannot try me for an offence which does not exist. When he has been pronounced a traitor by the laws of his country will be soon enough." The prisoner gazed fearlessly at his judge.

"Who are you to teach me my duty? Have no fear, the man Wetherell shall hang as surely as I bear his Majesty's commission."

"You have no jurisdiction over me."

"He defies the law!" the judge cried, his features contorted with fury. "He defies the law—mark that, gentlemen!"

The jury breathed hardly as one man. To be a juryman under Sir George Jeffreys was no easy matter.

"I defy no law, my lord. I am a loyal subject of his Majesty. The evidence against me rests upon one man's testimony, and that man my bitterest enemy, Sir Gerald Mortimer."

"Sir Gerald is an officer of the Crown. I can hear no more of this contumacy. Gentlemen, you will consider your verdict."

The jury filed out sadly. Sir Henry Trenton was a popular man in Devonshire, and he was young—too young to die like a criminal. Besides, rumour ran that he was betrothed to Mistress Alice Carey, and her white strained face had watched them throughout this mockery of a trial. But the judge was a hard man, and they were fond of their lives. So they filed out sadly for the sake of their desire and their fear.

Silence fell upon the Court. The hum of the city drifted in faintly through the closed doors. Mistress Alice Carey sat upright with parted lips and an ashen face. It was hard to hear the man she loved tried for his life. Thirty men had been doomed before him, and the judge's bearing was harsh. Once she caught the prisoner's eye, and she smiled, but the smile seemed out of place in the hard, set face.

Presently the jury came back, and silently seated themselves. The judge looked at them sternly.

"Well, well, you have considered your verdict? 'Twas an easy task. The case is flat against him, pestilent traitor that he is!"

The foreman rose. His hands trembled and his lips were dry.

"Are we to receive as evidence the uncorroborated statements of one man, my lord?"

"What! what! You would question the honour of one of his Majesty's servants? Gentlemen, that is tantamount to questioning his Majesty. It's treason, flat treason!! You are wasting the time of the Court. There are four more traitors to be sentenced ere we rise. What is your verdict?"

"Guilty." The word was spoken so faintly that the judge demanded it again angrily. Then he smiled.

In the rays of the setting sun Mistress Alice Carey stumbled out blindly into the street. Sir Gerald Mortimer glided to her side.

"I have influence at Court," he murmured. "An you will, I can have your lover pardoned. You know the price."

Mistress Carey no longer stumbled. She drew herself up proudly, and the sun caught the spun gold of her hair and lit it up until it shone effulgent.

"I make no terms with a murderer. Better that Sir Henry should die than that he should live to curse his life."

She passed on up the narrow crooked street that was the main thoroughfare of the city which was named the "Ever Faithful," and which that day was mourning because of the cruelty of one of the Stuarts for whom it had bled but a few years before. Sir Gerald looked after and then turned away with a laugh and a curse. The day had sealed the fate of the man he hated, therefore he laughed: the day had seen him spurned by the woman he loved, therefore he cursed.

The friends of Sir Henry made desperate efforts to obtain a pardon. His grandfather had fought for Charles I. and in evidence of his loyalty to the Stuarts had yielded up the ghost on the bloody field of Naseby; his father had been one of the first to acclaim the King at the Restoration, and Sir Henry's own loyalty

was unquestioned until Sir Gerald's heart had conceived the plot which had marked him as another victim to the ferocity of the Chief Justice of England. The efforts were neither feeble nor unsupported in high quarters, and Mistress Alice Carey, watching the course of the days, found hope alive in her heart.



"SHE PASSED UP THE NARROW STREET"



"Nay, if my name and my honour be not enough to save me, let me die," said Sir Henry, for his heart was sick at the foul deeds done in the name of justice.

"For the sake of Mistress Alice," whispered his friends: and Sir Henry's eyes grew moist.

"I have met death before," said he, "and God knows I fear it not. After all

Mistress Alice made no trial to see the man she loved. Sir Gerald, as Sheriff, had charge of the prisoners, and to him she would not stoop, knowing the evil of his heart.

"Nay," she said, "Sir Henry loves honour better than life, or even my love, and to be beholden to Sir Gerald for such a boon would rob it of its joy. I will wait until he be pardoned."

Even to herself she would never admit that there was a chance of his death.

"God cannot be so unjust," she said simply.

Yet the long summer days passed and the short summer nights with their silver setting, and still the pardon came not. Sir Henry marked the coming of each day with a cross upon the wall of his prison. There were nine to be diligently scratched before the execution, and on the morn that he made the ninth cross he knew that he would not see the full light of the noon. As the twilight softened the outlines of the grey houses on the evening of the eighth day a tall gaunt man, with ragged clothing and a wound hardly healed upon his left cheek, crept into the city. Beneath a long, torn cloak he hugged a carbine with a caressing touch. Pass-



"STILL THE PARDON CAME NOT"

we must each lie in the mould one day; and I know not whether it be not better to fall in the dawn than at the even, for the day has its troubles. But Mistress Alice, my love, my bride who might have been, I wot that her soul is sick with fear, and for her sake I would live."

So the efforts were made, and Sir Henry grew to count the passing of the hours at night in the hope that the day might place him by the side of his bride.

ing quickly through the streets he came to the gaol wherein lay Sir Henry. Outside its walls he paused. The shadows of the night grew deeper, and the moon and the stars glowed more boldly in the sky. Presently a horseman spurred a faltering horse up to the heavy iron gate of the gaol, and, flinging his reins upon the steed's neck, dismounted and rapped loudly with the hilt of his sword.

"Open! open!" he shouted; "in the King's name, open!" and when the gate was flung wide he flourished a scroll in the sleepy face of the turnkey, and passed into the courtyard through the gateway leading the tired horse.

"A pardon," muttered the gaunt man to himself: "a pardon. I knew it could not fail, for Sir Henry hath powerful friends. So, William Wetherell, your foster brother will have no need for you to avenge his blood."

Yet he slept that night in a ditch in the shadow of the walls of the gaol, and in his sleep he hugged the carbine which lay beneath his cloak.

Exeter was early astir next morning, for Sir Henry Trenton was to be hanged outside the gaol at half-past eight of the clock, and the good citizens were fond of a hanging, being a free show and exciting.

"There hasna bin a pardon, good Master Punchard," said one burghess, "an' he must needs die."

"'Tis a scurvy matter," his companion replied. "An honest youth and an upright, as free from treason as the King himself. God have mercy on our country if she spills such loyal blood, and that so wantonly. And poor Mistress Alice Carey is a winsome lady and a kind. I wot me well of the time when my good dame was stricken with the fever, and her own gentle hands brought many simples and possets."

"Hush! here she comes!" said he who had first spoken.

In the freshness of the summer morning the pomp and circumstance of the execution glittered bravely. The pikemen were drawn up in serried ranks. The Governor of the Gaol stood beside the Sheriff, and just apart from them were gathered a few officers. Slowly the gate of the gaol opened, and the prisoner, guarded by a file of soldiers, walked calmly to the foot of the gallows. The hangman turned his head away as Mistress Alice Carey came sadly forward to meet Sir Henry.

"Ah, Mistress, this is ill done!" he cried. "This is no spectacle for your sweet eyes."

"Harry, I would not have you pass into Heaven without one word of farewell. God give you strength to meet this cruel death becomingly."

"A little while," he said, looking at her proudly, for her bearing was erect and her bloodless lips were firm.

"A little while," she answered. "As to-day I am wholly yours, so will I be when I meet you in the world that is to be."

"God hath dealt more cruelly with you than with me, sweetheart, for my death will be speedy and yours long."

He kissed her tenderly and gave to her the medallion which he wore round his neck. It was her miniature set round with pearls. Then she went slowly back, dry-eyed, to her father, who stood apart, whilst from the crowd came a sob that was a tribute to the bravery of those who were lovers. In the crowd stood the gaunt man who had slept in the shadow of the gaol, and one near to him noted that he caressed, from time to time, something which lay hid by his cloak.

"You have somewhat of value, sir, beneath your coat?" he asked.

"Ay," he replied, "of great value."

The great bell of the gaol tolled dimly, breaking harshly on the soft summer air. The Governor shivered and turned to Sir Gerald.

"Sir Sheriff, you have received no pardon?"

Sir Gerald started and passed his hand into the bosom of his coat. He seemed to clutch something, but his hand tarried beneath the shelter of the cloth and came not forth again.

"Nay," he answered, shortly. "There has been no pardon."

"My heart misgives me that we are about to perform a grievously unjust act," the Governor said. "Sir Henry Trenton, I pray your forgiveness, for before Heaven I am a most unwilling instrument."

"Sir, I am a soldier, and have learned that to obey is a noble thing. Do your duty, sir, unfalteringly, as I have done mine."

The hangman moved uneasily, and the people gasped.

"Citizens of Exeter," cried Sir Henry, "I take my leave of you. To-day I die for the sake of the hatred of Sir Gerald Mortimer. You have known me, you have known my family, and you can judge whether or not I be in truth a traitor."

And the people cried out with one voice, "No!" and a woman's breath came with the benediction, "God bless you, Sir Henry."

"I do not deny that I sheltered William Wetherell. He was my foster-



"HE KISSED HER TENDERLY"

brother, he and I drew life from the same breasts, and he came to me sore wounded, and in peril of his life. But that was no treason, that was an act of love; it was more than an act of love, it was a sacred duty."

The gaunt man looked stealthily at Sir Gerald Mortimer, and his eye measured the distance between them keenly.

"My life has ever been at the King's command. I die to-day as loyal as I have lived. God save the King."

The hangman approached the prisoner and lifted his curls so that he might place the rope about his neck more easily. He would have covered his eyes too that he might pass into death unwittingly, but Sir Henry would not have it so.

"I have no fear of death. I have served my God honestly and fear not the minister of His will."

The great bell ceased, and the clergyman began intoning the burial for the dead. The sobs of the people broke in upon him. Sir Gerald, still clutching at something within his doublet, turned his head so that he might not see the completion of his work. The Governor, looking coldly at him, moved away from him. Sir Gerald, noting this, took a few steps towards the group of officers, but they too avoided him, and drew apart.

The gaunt man in the crowd undid the buttons of his coat with quick, firm fingers, and drew out from beneath it a carbine. The man standing beside him, seeing the glint of the sun upon the barrel, jumped aside. The firm, strong fingers grasped the carbine and played lovingly with the trigger. As the prisoner uttered the last response in a clear voice the fingers closed, there was a puff of smoke, and Sir Gerald lay huddled upon the ground, one hand twitching on the earth, and the other drawn convulsively from his bosom claspings a paper. The Governor sprang to the side of the dead man.

"Hold!" cried he, leaning down and taking the paper out of the stiffening fingers. "It is a pardon, the King's pardon!"

Mistress Alice Carey, hearing the words which gave her lover life, cried out "Harry! Harry!" and straightway swooned in the arms of her father.

The gaunt man passed through the crowd carrying the carbine openly, and there was not one among them who stretched forth a hand to stop him. One old man who recognised him cried, "God bless you, Wetherell, you have quitted yourself like a man!" and the gaunt man smiled upon him, and answered, "It was a sacred duty."



# Duelling in Germany

WRITTEN BY A. BERESFORD RYLEY ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**T**HOUGH duelling is regarded by most nations as a relic of barbarism, and relegated to the limbo of dead things, it is practised extensively as ever at German Universities. Britons, as a rule, however, have erroneous ideas concerning these duels, since they deem them as invariably the outcome of a dispute or the result of an insult. Duel from any such cause is the exception and not the rule. The ordinary "Schläger Mensur" is merely German Students' sport. As at Oxford there are inter-collegiate struggles with the oar or bat, so at Heidelberg, for instance, there are sword contests, or duels, between the various "Corps," "Burschenschaften," and "Verbindungen;" and as much honour accrues to the corporation that has gained the most duels in the *Semester* as to the Oxford College that "heads" the river.

The fighting hall in the "Hirschgasse" at Heidelberg is a large square room, whose bare whitewashed walls are dotted here and there with students' caps of varied hues and shapes, while a portrait of the old Kaiser and an occasional print of some famous fight stand out as an apology for pictorial decoration. On the morning of one of these gladiatorial contests the room is filled with students, chatting in groups or seated on a small table playing cards, a few combining that amusement with duty in the shape of a matutinal repast. Each student has provided himself with a small carafe of wine, which he carries in his breast pocket, and which, disdaining the use of a glass, he sips from time to time with a Lucullian air. On such occasions etiquette forbids conversation between members of opposing corporations, so that a friend in a hostile "corps" is merely recognised by a bow.

Communicating with the hall is the dressing room, where the "Burschen" array the belligerents for the combat. Each combatant is stripped to the waist, a small leather pad is put over his heart, then he dons the "paukhemde,"

or fighting shirt, stained with blood—the result of previous duels. His right arm is encased in a sleeve of wadded silk extending from the wrist to the shoulder, and a heavy leather pad is strapped over his right arm-pit to protect the axillary artery. He puts on a big fencing glove, and then his fighting arm is wrapped round with strips of silk until it is as big as an ordinary man's thigh. A thick wadded silk bandage is wound round his neck, just leaving the chin free, and a pair of heavy goggles guard his eyes. Lastly the "paukhozen" or fighting breeches are pulled on: these are made of padded leather, and cover the body from the breast to the knees.

Having been panoplied to the satisfaction of his seconds, each of these youthful gladiators, coloured caps on head and sword in hand, marches into the arena, his bandaged arm supported by his second. The combatants take up their positions at two chalk marks three feet apart, and on no account are they allowed to move from these during the progress of the duel. The "Schläger" is about forty inches long, with a blunt point and basket-shaped hilt. The blade is double-edged and the upper half is ground as sharp as a razor. The seconds stand to the left of the fighters—each bearing a sword, and wearing a cap with a heavy visor and an abdominal pad. The umpire is a few feet off on the other side: his duty is to keep the time, and to stop the "gänge" or rounds.

All being ready, one of the "Sekundanten" turning to the "Unpartei-ischer" says "Umpire please command silence for a fifteen minute mensur between [and the names of the 'Paukanten' and their 'corps' are pronounced] with seconds." The umpire gives the command, then the same second calls out "Auf die Mensur." The swords of the fighters cross, and the seconds touch them with their own. At the same time the other second says "Fessig," and the duellists take their guard. This is



effected by raising the right arm above the head so that it protects the right cheek and the top of the head, the sword hanging down parallel to the left side of the face it guards.

Whenever they are on guard the first second cries "los." At the final word of command to the uninitiated spectator there seems to be a confused flashing and clashing of steel, relieved occasionally by the dull sound of the blades falling on the padded parts. The cuts are delivered and parried with the rapidity that makes it impossible at first to follow the strokes. All the striking is done with the wrist, and the arm is kept

"*einem Blutigen zu erklären*," which the latter does. The doctor, who is always present, examines the wound, and if it is not serious the fighters proceed, but if it is deep and pronounced dangerous the duel is stopped, victory of course resting with the author of the cut. Such a wound is called "*eine Abfuhr*," which may be vulgarly translated as a "knock out."

On the termination of a duel the warriors are led off to the dressing room, where the surgeon sponges their wounds and sews them up with silk, the number of stitches required being an official record of the affair. The state of a duellist's scalp and cheek can be



IN THE FIGHTING HALL.

above the head as a guard. The aim of each combatant is to strike his opponent on the scalp or left cheek, as the right is guarded by the bandaged arm. The official length of the duel is fifteen minutes—exclusive of pauses—but as a rule one of the belligerents is incapacitated ere the expiry of that time.

A "gang" varies in duration from a few seconds to half a minute, depending entirely on the umpire, who has the right of calling "halt" whenever he thinks one of the fighters has received a blow. After a round wherein no apparent wound is inflicted, the heads of the duellists are examined, and their swords wiped to see if there is any evidence of a cut. When, however, blood flows from a wound, the second asks the umpire

imagined, when sometimes no less than forty stitches are necessary. As many as a dozen such duels are got through in the course of the morning.

The fact of being beaten is no reproach to the vanquished, but flinching either under opponent's sword or surgeon's needle is adjudged a mark of cowardice, and the offender is expelled from his corporation, as he would be if he refused a challenge.

It is said that in the "*Schläger Mensur*" there is but little skill, and that it is mainly a matter of "slogging." This opinion is belied by the fact that good fighters will have a dozen duels without a single cut, which would be impossible were skill eliminated from the contest.

Sabre duels are fought in settling serious disputes, especially between senior students: of these there are two kinds—"mit Bandagen," and "ohne Bandagen." In the former the more vital parts of the body are covered with bandages, in the latter the duellists are stripped to the waist without any protection at all. The nature of the duel depends upon the gravity of its cause, and is definitely settled by the "Ehrengericht," or Court of Honour of the various corporations. In the "Schläger Mensur" fatal consequences are almost unknown, but death often results from a sabre duel, though most of the dangerous

what similar are the sabre duels in the Army.

For pistol duels, mostly affected by older men—be they military, university or civilian—the arrangements vary according to the nature of the provocation, and are fixed by the "Ehrengericht." As such duels in Germany are meant to be serious, they are never fought without first being approved by the Court of Honour. The usual distance is from ten to fifteen paces, and either three shots are exchanged, or firing is continued "bis zur Abfuhr"—that is to say, until one man is disabled or killed. Occasionally the distances are longer—



THE MORNING OF A CONTEST

strokes are stopped if possible by the seconds. In this form of duelling the most favourite stroke is a species of undercut that severs the muscles of an opponent's fore-arm, so that his sword drops to the ground at once. The sabre is much heavier than the "Schläger," and is curved like a cavalry sword, with a single edge. The time and place of sabre duels are kept secret on account of police intervention, for, though all forms of duelling are forbidden, the authorities wink at the ordinary "Mensur," while the participators in the sabre variety are imprisoned. They are usually fought in the woods in summer and in some quiet "Kneipe" in the winter, few or no spectators but the "Sekundanten" and "Unpartei-ischer" being present. Some-

twenty paces, for instance—and the duellists advance from two to five paces after each shot, and are allowed to fire at their discretion.

German law awards from three months to five years' "Festungshaft" (imprisonment in a fortress) to those convicted of the offence of duelling. Despite recent fatalities, and the consequent censure they have evoked, it is extremely doubtful if duelling will be expurged from the ethical code of the Fatherland. For Germany is essentially a military country, averse to innovations, clinging to old customs, and still preferring to settle "une affaire d'honneur" at the point of the sword or the muzzle of the pistol to bringing dirty linen to public notice as prescribed by a Court of Law.

# Parallel Diaries

WRITTEN BY A. P.      ILLUSTRATED BY SAM REID

*Extract from the Diary of Leonard Lorne, Esq., Staple Inn, E.C.*

I HAD definitely and laboriously decided not to go to Airlie Gardens this Sunday, having called there on the last six Sundays and dined there on Wednesday. So I barricaded myself, metaphorically, with books, foolscap, unanswered letters, &c., &c. But, behold! at five o'clock something lifted me forcibly out of my chair, ran me into my bedroom by the collar, put me into frock coat and patent leathers and drove me in a hansom to Kensington without further ado.

• And that something must have been closely connected with my guiding star, for to-day's visit was not a thing to be missed, or even forgotten. If only it were to be repeated—over and over again!

Luck was with me from the start. She was at home. She was alone in the drawing-room, and never has she looked more lovely—more like her namesake, the Lily. She was sitting by the window when I was announced—doing nothing—absorbed, apparently, by her own sweet thoughts. She seemed to come slowly back from another world when she shook hands with me. I think her dress must have suited her in a peculiar degree; it was unstudied, innocent, beautiful—like herself; and appeared to have been evolved, unaided by human hands, out of her own personality.

She said something at once about fetching her mother, or her sister, or somebody. But I begged for a little quiet talk with her, and she complied with an almost childlike simplicity.

It was late for other callers—close on six o'clock—and I thought that we should be undisturbed. And so it was.

She allowed me to sit at her side on the couch by the window, and we spoke of many things—amongst others of "My Heart's Burden." She must have read it often already; but she was shy in her praises at the first, and her very shyness emboldened me, so that I was tempted, and fell so far as to recite portions of it from memory. I found myself telling her, too, about many personal matters of which I could speak to no one else. I believe it to be that curious combination of *simplicity* and *soulfulness* that draws me out in her presence.

I had hoped that I should perhaps be asked to stay on to supper, as I was two Sundays ago. But Gertrude, the dragon sister, came into the room before I had been there an hour (I was just at the third and best canto of "My Heart's Burden") and bore dismissal in her peculiarly unpleasant face. Mrs. Meade, she explained, was resting after a long afternoon of tea and friends, and begged to be excused. I took the hint, while Miss Meade positively radiated, and said good-bye at once.

I shall see her again—my white Lily—at the Gregson's dance to-morrow, if she gives in and goes. But it seems that her people have to use much persuasion to get her to join in the round of worldly pleasures which makes up their empty lives. She was not made for gaslight—only for moonlight—and society does not satisfy her. She has told me so. And I worship her the more for it. Only I cannot help rejoicing that her people often triumph, since it increases my chances of seeing her.

And now, good-night to fair dreams, and hail, hard work—if such be possible.

*Extract from the Diary of Miss Gertrude Meade, Airlie Gardens, Kensington*

ANOTHER of our hateful rows to-day—between Mother and Lily, as usual. And I side entirely with Mother—again as usual. Really Lil is too much of none too good a thing, on occasions.

The occasion to-day was supplied by a call from the eternal Lorne. It was so late when he came that I had really flattered myself he was going to let us off, just by the way of a change. Not

so Lil, apparently. She had got Mother to lie down in her dressing-gown at about a quarter to six, and had then gone back to the drawing-room, where we had been sitting and talking to Lorne all the blessed afternoon. I asked her to come up and help me with the invitations for

(She has copied both, with infinite trouble, from that print of Juliette, and I think them hideous—quite out of keeping with her particular type—but that's her own affair.)

Well, I had told her that I would come down again if anyone else called, but



"I WAS JUST AT THE THIRD AND BEST CANTO"

the 20th, and I must say her point-blank refusal surprised me at the time, as I didn't then know the great why—nor why she had sat up till half-past eleven last night finishing that ridiculous gown that she and Diggles have been slaving at, nor why she was twenty instead of ten minutes over her hair this morning.

she evidently preferred to entertain Mr. Lorne unaided, and when Mother heard that he was there, and that Lil had sent up no message, she was *furious* and told me to go down at once.

He was in the act of reciting from his last book, poor fool, but I frightened him away successfully.

And then the row began. Mother had Lil up to her room, and ended by telling her that she need not come to the Maudsleys to-night. That was the signal for Lil's fireworks. She never *could* bear to be left out of any entertainment whatsoever—and as Captain Dally was to

against her poor dear inclinations. But Lil has had one punishment, at all events, since Mr. Lorne not only alluded to his "Heart's Luggage," but actually recited it. She must have been at her wit's ends for something to say. Serves her right. I told her she ought to have



"AND THEN THE ROW  
BEGAN"

be at the Maudsleys——! Of course she got Papa to interfere on her behalf, and had her own way finally. *Pour moi*, I was only too glad, as I could then remain at home again, and at peace. I guess poor Mother envies me, especially as she has got to take Lil to the Gregson's dance to-morrow night, much

looked through them and got some appropriate remarks ready. Well, I suppose all that is forgotten by now in the Captain's gay smiles. Too funny how she dresses for her various rôles! She went in scarlet and gold with her hair done in the latest fashion.

How she can be bothered!



# *From Generation to Generation*

## THE HOUSE OF NORFOLK—SECOND PART



SIXTH DUKE



SECOND WIFE OF SIXTH DUKE



EIGHTH DUKE



SEVENTH DUKE



NINTH DUKE



TENTH DUKE



ELEVENTH DUKE



TWELFTH DUKE



THIRTEENTH DUKE



WIFE OF THE THIRTEENTH DUKE



WIFE OF THE FOURTEENTH DUKE



FOURTEENTH DUKE



**THE PRESENT DUKE**

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT AND FRY



# Ani

## THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CAPITAL OF ARMENIA

WRITTEN BY E. T. SLATER      ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**A**RMENIANS always tell with pride of the ruins of a great city to be found within their native land, once the capital of a great kingdom. The city they speak of is Ani, which lies within the slice of territory that Russia took in accordance with the Berlin Treaty. Its magnificent ruins fully confirm the tales of Armenians and attest the existence of a strong line of kings at one period in their history. Now that the attention of Europe is concentrated upon the Armenian question, anything that throws light on the history of a remarkable people must be of special interest.

It was during a lull in the tide of Moslem invasion in the tenth century that the Bagratidae who built Ani rose to power. Before that time, even as far back as the Haican kings, whose doings are lost in the mists of antiquity, the Bagratidae was one of several powerful princely families exercising almost kingly power in their own district, and very like feudal lords in the Middle Ages. When Armenia became, for a time, free from foreign influence, it was therefore natural that one of the hereditary families should step to the front and assert its independence. One of the Bagratidae rose to the occasion, and though nominally owning allegiance to the Caliph of Bagdad, made a large portion of Armenia independent, and became ruler of a flourishing kingdom. In the fifth century Ani had been a small fort, but now it became the

capital of the kingdom, and this line of kings took pride in making the city a fit emblem of their power. It seems to have been built in triangular shape, surrounded by a massive wall six miles in circumference, much of which is still standing, and impresses travellers with its strength and massiveness. Nor were the kings wanting in piety, if the building of churches may be taken as a sign of it.

There is a story that in the year 1000 A.D. the king found the number of churches a little short of 1,000, and determined to make the number up to the number of the year. So that in the year 1000 A.D. there were 1,000 churches to be found within the walls of Ani. Whatever may have been the exact number, the ruins of churches abound. As the work of exploration proceeds, fresh ones are being con-



CHURCH OF ST. GREGORY

tinually found. The most interesting and the best specimen of Armenian architecture at its prime is the Cathedral. From the sketch it will be seen that there is no attempt at size or magnificence. The predominant feature is lightness and elegance. It covers an area of only 70 feet by 110 feet, but its style is remarkably beautiful. The external decoration shows small but elegant columns attached to the walls and supporting arches adorned with scrolls worked in the most elaborate detail. The pointed arches and coupled columns of the interior suggest the influence of the Crusaders. Upon the roof of all the Armenian

churches was a cupola of very peculiar structure which forms a special feature in their architecture. This cupola can be seen still standing on many churches, though it no longer crowns the roof of the cathedral. It can be seen in the picture of the church dedicated to St. Gregory the Illuminator, having the shape of a lantern crowned by a conical roof. The same shape is found in the tombs of the people of the country, which are generally little models of the domes of their churches—a construction found too in Arab tombs in Cappadocia, but as these must have been built after Ani they are probably copies.

The sketch of the Church of St. Gregory will also serve as an ex-



THE WALLS OF ANI



THE CATHEDRAL

ample of the round or polygonal churches which abound in Armenia, though they are rare or almost unknown in most other parts of the Byzantine architectural province. It will be noticed too that apses are marked externally by circular niches sunk in the wall which are made flush above by a small but richly ornamented arch. Everywhere there is elaborate carving, especially in the windows, so elaborate that it looks more like jeweller's work than carving in stone. Throughout the various buildings the architecture is remarkable for its elegance rather than grandeur, but deserves far more study than it has yet received, because of its historical importance, forming as it does

the link between the Sassanian style and the Russian. On the Eastern confines of the Byzantine Empire Armenia felt the influence of Christian art. In this, Armenian architecture differs from Sassanian, and it was this influence that it passed on to Russian architecture.

For the Byzantine Empire was pressing strongly upon Armenia and making its influence felt throughout the Bagratid

sank beneath the power of the Crescent, but have defied all Moslem hosts successfully. The Georgian king sacked Ani. It was left in ruins to this day. Not that the Bagratidae were subdued finally. Many Armenians escaped to the mountains of Cilicia, and founded there a new kingdom under a descendant of their old line of kings. This last branch of the Bagratidae under the name of the

Rubenian dynasty held on for 300 years, defying the Turk, and in the end fell, not beneath the Moslem, but after defeat by the Egyptian Mamelukes. The last king, Leo VI., was carried off prisoner to Egypt. From thence he was ransomed by the King of Castile, and then wandered an exile about Europe till he at last died at Paris. There his grave is to be found amongst the tombs of the kings and queens of France at St. Denis.

Lately Ani has been more fortunate. After it had passed into Russia's hands, the Czar, with the very prudent desire to win the goodwill of Armenians, made over the site of Ani to the Catholicos at Etchmiadzin, the ecclesiastical head of the Armenian nation. Part of the



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

period. The Bagratidae reigned for about 200 years. Then the Seljucide Turks drew dangerously near. In 1041 King Kakig II. sought protection by ceding his territory to the Byzantine Emperor. Foolishly the Emperor cherished the country instead of strengthening it against the coming foe, and very soon, in about 1064, Ani was taken by Alp Arslan and the Seljucide Turks. Not very long after the Turks were defeated by David II., King of the Georgians, a mountain race that never

Cathedral has been restored sufficiently for services to be held there. A monastery exists within the walls, and recently the Czar has given further proof of his generosity by making over to the poor Armenians who dwell among the old ruins, a strip of land outside the walls for them to cultivate. It is likely that Ani will attract more attention from Orientalists than it has hitherto, for it is proving a rich mine of material for the history of the East during the period when the Bagratidae ruled in Armenia.

# *Some Experiences of Lord Syfret*

WRITTEN BY ARABELLA KENEALY

## *AN OGRE IN TWEEDS*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE

### CHAPTER I.

**I** WAS visiting my friend Lord Townricarde. He has a pretty place on the Fife coast, where I had long promised to spend a few weeks with him. One of his girls was a god-child of mine, and some trouble had arisen about a love affair.

Temple of the Guards had been for two years dancing attendance on her, buffeted during those years between the Scylla of her smiles and the Charybdis of her discontent. She would not take another man, yet would she not take him. "The deuce is in the girl," her father wrote. "For Heaven's sake come and preach sense to her. Temple's a first-rate chap in every way, and, as I tell her, I can't spare her more than a few thousands. She seems to think she can pick and choose as though she were an heiress. And she isn't a beauty either. She has the unfortunate O'Brien nose."

I knew the O'Brien nose. Lady Townricarde had been an O'Brien. I sighed remembering it. I glanced toward a crayon drawing over my mantelpiece. What a nose I had once thought it, with its delicate tip-tiltedness. Scorn, laughter, roguery, tears, it limned according to the angle whereunto the mood of its possessor lifted or depressed it.

And her widower called it the "unfortunate O'Brien nose." Dear nose; small wonder that it and the impressionable sensitiveness it symbolised lay now tip-tilted in waxen immobility beneath the daisies, while its ravishing curves remain unrecorded, artists having been instructed in every other portrait than that belonging to me to give it as Roman a sweep as was compatible with likeness, in order that the Townricarde prestige might lose nothing in the Townricarde

picture-gallery. So Nancy O'Brien passes down to posterity with a half-inch bridge of dignity between her dark laughter-lurking pools of eyes.

Gladys received me in the drawing-room. Her father was right: she was not a beauty, though had I been a younger man, or one about to marry, I should not have quarrelled with her face. She smiled sedately, presenting her cheek. "It would be most illogical for you to join the league against me, sir," she said, "being as you are a crystallised old bachelor."

"Good Heavens," I protested, "if you do not wish to marry Temple, I should be the last man in the world to counsel your doing so."

She put her hand through my arm. "Thank you," she said gratefully. "I do not wish to marry anybody. Perhaps when I do—if I ever do," she added whimsically, "perhaps Colonel Temple might be the man."

Temple came next morning. I had asked that he should be present during part at least of my stay. I had not seen them together. But after the confession she had made I imagined things would arrange themselves satisfactorily. I drove with Townricarde to the station to meet him. He had always seemed to me a man of whom a woman might be fond, but in these matters women, to quote a Scottish friend of mine, are exceeding "kittle-cattle." Perhaps he struck me as being especially personable that morning by contrast with another friend of my host's, who came in by the same train, a man against whom I conceived a strong aversion the moment I set eyes on him. Since the preponderance of women relieved the other sex of the obligation to woo, masculine beauty has

so far declined that we have ceased to look for it, but this man exceeded the limits of average ugliness and bordered upon the absolutely repulsive. He was immense in height and girth and massive of muscle, facts which gave a certain aggressiveness to his ill-looks.

"My friend, Major Yeo," Townricarde introduced him, leaving us to walk together while he went ahead with Temple.

Depend on it, Temple will be all right, I reflected, my eye on his soldierly stride and handsome proportions. Gladys has hesitated! Knowing her father it occurred to me that Yeo had possibly been invited in the capacity of foil, though in relation with Temple a man many degrees less prepossessing would have served. Then I forgot his ugliness hearing him talk. He was a brilliant conversationist, flashing a keen and caustic humour over all topics, giving one almost the impression that his big brain was surfaced with a fine steel polish.

The men had travelled by the night train, and on reaching the house went straight to their rooms for a wash and change.

In the meantime I repaired to the verandah, taking with me an evening paper one of them had brought. On the verandah I found Gladys and a younger sister, their pretty heads together over a book.

"O, don't interrupt us," they cried in a breathless couplet, "we are right in the midst of the loveliest murder. He is just seizing hold of her by her lovely golden hair."

"Thank Heaven, then I can read my paper undisturbed while he cuts her lovely lily throat, and the hero or some other equally guiltless person gets arrested for his pains," I retorted; and retired to an opposite corner.

There were interesting items in my *St. James's* and I was soon engrossed. Then, suddenly, I heard a laugh—a quick sharp ripple—as suddenly caught in a girl's throat. I looked up.

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated. Yeo was standing like some giant apparition in the centre of the verandah staring straight before him over the moorland. Facing me, their eyes on him, the girls sat, in attitudes of startled astonishment, the murder-book clutched spasmodically in a hand of each. The cheeks of Gladys as I looked crimsoned over

with painful shame—for the laughter had been hers.

It was a mortifying situation. But I myself could scarcely keep my gravity in view of Yeo.

He had changed to a blue serge suit of the jauntiest, flimsiest cut. About his huge middle a narrow belt of stuff was buttoned—sorely against its will, for the serge had stretched to a mere rag with the strain of meeting. On his big heavy-brained head was set askew a white straw hat, a sailor hat many sizes too small for him and bound with a blue ribbon. His nether garments stopping short at the knees revealed an unparalleled pair of calves and ankles encircled with yellow-ringed worsted stockings. The man was grotesque, absurd! Small wonder that the girl—snatched suddenly from her absorption in blood-curdling crime to this vision of buffoonery—had been betrayed into laughter.

The thing in itself was a comedy. But the horrible mortification of the Major's face transformed it straightway into something more like tragedy.

I started forward, meaning to cover embarrassment by speech, but before I could reach him he had passed rapidly down the steps and disappeared in the garden.

Gladys let her book fall to the ground. She hid her flushed face in her hands. "O, I am so ashamed," she cried. "I am ready to die of shame. How could I have done such a horrible, vulgar thing!"

But Effie assumed a different standpoint. She had kept her countenance before, but now broke into a laugh. "It served him right," she insisted. "He should not have made himself so ridiculous. Did you see that funny little girdle round his waist? And his dear ridiculous little hat stuck on one side of his dear little head?"

"Hush, hush," Gladys admonished her. "He may be coming back. O, what a horrible thing to happen. I was lost in the book, and suddenly looked up."

"Who is he?" queried Effie.

"Major Yeo, a friend of your father's," I told her.

"Why didn't father dress him properly?" she cried indignantly. "He had no right to bring such an object here, without preparing us. I wonder he didn't come in tights and spangles, but I suppose he is reserving those for dinner."





"SUDDENLY I HEARD A LAUGH"

"He is a very clever man," I excused him. "You will not find him ridiculous when you know him."

But Effie had no ears for reason. "Good gracious!" she bubbled over. "Do you think he has a wardrobe of surprises like that? It will be rather

entertaining, you know. I shall go and look through his things in advance, and warn you what he intends wearing, so that we may not be taken again at a disadvantage. Why don't you laugh, Gladys?"

But Gladys had no more laughter in her.

## CHAPTER II.

IT has been said that no good woman understands dress. The term "good woman" needs to be defined before the proposition can be stated. If Mrs. Grundy herself—as she leads me to suspect—be the only member of her sex embraced by that definition—or by anything or anybody else—then is the proposition demonstrated. Mrs. Grundy is lamentably lacking in the science of clothes. However this may be, I have certainly known men otherwise unimpugnable who have been a signal discredit to the art of tailoring.

Yeo was one of these. Though I never after saw him in that suit—which he straightway discarded—I have rarely seen him decently dressed, save in the evening when custom left him no alternative. Otherwise his choice of clothes was little less than criminal, or if Mrs. Grundy's bonnet may be fitted to his sex, something more than saintly! For pattern he indulged in checks of chess-board dimension or stripes of zebra-like exaggeration. For colour his weakness was such that he had no heart to prefer one before another, but chose stuffs amalgamating all. It has annoyed me many a time since to remember that I might have added to my stock of curious information the name of Yeo's tailor, whereas I am still in ignorance as to whence such grotesques may be obtained. The poor man, I believe, was striving to divert attention from his unfortunate appearance by that which he conceived to be a unique and elaborate taste in dress.

I was present in the drawing-room when Townricarde introduced him to the girls. He had changed into a Harris tweed, wherein his large unwieldy bulk lost nothing of size or unwieldiness, but stopped short of being ludicrous.

"We have already met," he insisted with a bitter meaning in his voice, bowing to Gladys.

Her face crimsoned. Her looks dropped guiltily before his fierce mortification.

I saw Temple glance from the one to the other in surprise. "I thought you had not met my girls," Townricarde said.

But Effie broke in sedately: "Major Yeo only means that he flitted like a vision across the verandah when Gladys and I were laughing over a comical book."

Yeo presented her with a blood-red volume. "I picked it up as I came back into the house," he said punctiliously, adding with emphasis: "From the title and a superficial inspection, one would not suspect it of being humorous."

"One should not judge by externals," Effie retorted.

"It is a maxim I have reason to uphold," was his caustic rejoinder.

Gladys flushed guiltily again. She lifted her eyes to his with a sudden pleading abasement. His glance rested on her face with interest. He swept her fine figure and charming looks. He was curiously heavy-lidded. That and a certain torpid cruelty of expression set me thinking of a snake.

"Poor Yeo certainly can't be called a beauty," Temple responded to my remarks, "but he seems to be a good fellow." This is what Temple himself was essentially, and as I have noticed in other men of that sort, by virtue of the quality, he imagined most of his acquaintance to possess it.

For my part it was the last qualification I should have applied to Yeo. Eminently capable, rapid-witted and virile, I should assuredly have admitted him as being, but not the other thing.

"Can't help being sorry for him," Temple continued. "He's so morbidly sensitive about his looks. Some girl treated him badly—threw him over for a handsome chap—he was awfully hard hit. I am told he has never been the same since."

"His parents ought certainly to be ashamed of themselves," I said. "If they in collaboration had perpetrated a book

or a picture of the calibre of this son of theirs, they would have been locked up."

Temple smiled.

"I am perfectly serious," I insisted.

He smiled again. "That is what gives your jokes such point, sir," he said.

After a pause—"Poor Gladys was quite cut up when I told her about it——" he resumed.

"O, you told Gladys."

"Yes, I thought she would have cried.

She has such a heart, Gladys has. She said it was the most pathetic thing she had heard. I never knew her to use strong language before, but she insisted that the girl who treated him so badly ought to have been hanged, or something of that sort. Dear girl!" He puffed at his cigar.

"That was the reason she was so nice to him all last evening. Quite pretty to see her talking to him, wasn't it?"

"O, quite," I said. After reflection I inquired: "How long is he stopping?"

"Yeo? O, I don't know. He seems to be enjoying himself."

"And you?"

"I always enjoy myself here," he said hopefully.

Gladys had not to all appearance exhausted her indignation against the fickle breaker of Yeo's heart, or it may be her sympathy with him, for she continued to be what Temple termed "so nice" to him to the exclusion of Temple himself.

"I can't think how he managed the thing," the Colonel confided to me, "although he's such a clever chap. To beat Gladys by four holes up, and she such a ripping player and he only learning—it's amazing."

I had seen the method of it, having walked round with them, so that the victory did not appear so amazing to me.

"You dare say a word," she had menaced me after sending only a few yards a ball she was capable of driving some hundreds. "Major Yeo is so sensitive," she had added diffidently, "it disheartens him to lose."

I glanced at his burly frame striding some paces in advance. "He scarcely looks a subject for cotton-wool wrappings," I demurred.

"Perhaps you think that because he



"HE SCARCELY LOOKS A SUBJECT FOR COTTON-WOOL WRAPPINGS"

is not very good-looking he has no heart," she observed with a little defiant air, that reminded me of her mother. "He has a very sad story—very, very sad," she said, glancing after him.

I watched her through the game, till the end, when her mistaken quixotism reached its climax; seeing the balm of victory soothe his excoriated vanity. I began to watch her closely and with some misgiving. Heavens! what will-o'-the-wisp fatuity fermented in her brain?

The man had some power over her.

She grew to flush and tremble at his approach. She lost her bright manner and speech. She seemed for ever afraid of hurting him, for ever entreating pardon for her offence against him. Her remorse for that offence was a weak spot in her armour, her passion to make amends a lever whereby he moved her, and of these he did not scruple to make use. Day by day he further dominated her, day by day she resisted less. The snake-like impression I had of him was strengthened. He consciously and intentionally magnetised her. He was fond of her, I suppose, after a fashion, but it was a fashion, for the most part cruelty. Townricarde in his opinionated way scoffed at my fears. He did not hesitate to characterise them unflatteringly.

"No girl," he insisted, "would care for an ugly brute like Yeo. Why you yourself told me she laughed at him."

I had not suggested that she cared. There were fear and aversion in her face when he approached her, but there were pity also and appeal and dangerous surrender.

Temple saw it, and grew perplexed. "Why is Gladys so much with that brute?" he once observed. "He has a shocking record. Her father had no right to bring him here."

"Can't you rid us of him, somehow?" I urged.

He looked up apprehensively. "Good God, you are not afraid——" he broke out. "She couldn't care for a brute like that."

Certainly it seemed incredible. Yeo stayed on. Townricarde was as pig-headed as he was obtuse, and the man cajoled him and deceived him with all his rare powers of deceit and cajollery.

Things came to a climax at the end of three weeks. Yeo's and Temple's visits were to terminate next day. I had begun to hope. I was confident that, once removed from the dominant spell of his personality and the pitfall of her innocent offence against him, she would see him in all his repulsiveness—for he grew no less repulsive on further acquaintance.

He and she had repaired after breakfast to the library. Thither I followed them. I was determined not to give him an opportunity of a farewell *l'été-d'été*.

As I entered he levelled one swift

insolent look at me, but taking a book I withdrew to the further end of the room.

They had been chatting some time, when suddenly he dropped his voice, and his words, which before I had failed to hear, now reached me. "I have only loved two women," he was saying, his heavy-lidded eyes on her face. "One of them to whom I was engaged jilted me for another man, because of my ugliness. The second," he spoke slowly and impressively, "ridiculed me openly for the same reason."

He paused. She had broken into a sobbing cry, as though he had struck her. She stretched a trembling hand out. "She ought to have been whipped," I heard her falter, "but she did not know you."

"Know me," he echoed bitterly. "That makes little difference to a woman. Your sex, Miss Haldane, prefers a straight-nosed, pink-skinned doll before a man of brains and character who has the misfortune to be plain. Do not trouble to inform me that I have not the conformation of an ogre. God knows! I have reason enough to be aware of it."

I could not hear her answer, but I heard her tones, compassionate, impulsive, healing. The room was long, and one judging from appearances would not have supposed that, at the distance they sat from me, their words would have been audible. But the ceiling was dome-shaped, and the hollow caught and amplified their voices, bringing the conversation to me with harsh distinctness. I had no scruple in listening. The man was dangerous, corrupt. It is a supererogation of punctiliousness to wash hands before closing with a sooty foe.

"I do not contend to virtue, either," he continued with a kind of purring rasp in his voice. "My face in the glass is enough to nip any wretch's morning aspirations. I have been consistent. I am as bad as I look. I am candid with you, you see. You cannot expect a broken-nosed person like me to walk straight," he ended with a horrid laugh.

She started up. She put out a hand as one blind feeling her way. "O, I cannot bear it," she cried. "Somebody must help you. Somebody should be with you to show you how mistaken you are, how little your appearance would matter to one who cared for you."

He was silent. They seemed to have

forgotten me. I sat apparently lost in my book, in reality observing them from beneath its lower edge. His low-lidded eyes swept her face. A flash of triumph passed over his uncouth features. But he put a strong control upon himself. He shook his head hopelessly. "It might have been," he said. "It is too late now. I have lived too long with my own hideousness to have any self-respect or ideals left. Once——"

She faltered toward him. She drew back. Then she faltered again toward him. She put a hand on his arm. "It is never too late," she insisted. "And I do not believe what you say. If you were not ever so much more good than bad, you would not feel so bitterly any wrong you may have done. It is cruel — O, it is cruel——"

He finished the sentence for her. "For a man to be so plain," he said bitterly.

She looked into his face. "Yes," she said simply, "for a man so clever and strong and—sensitive as you."

A rage of candour or an indecency of revelation seized him. "If I am what I look," he burst out with his repulsive laugh, "if all my brutality of face is only the expression of brutality of nature, if I have indulged in the worst vices, if I am capable of the vilest crimes—my face leading me——"

There was no faltering in her now. Her face was irradiate, her step firm. She rose and moved swiftly to him. She laid her two hands on his shoulders, and stood so, looking up into his odious face. "If I could help you?" she said.

"How could you help me?" he cried harshly.

I-thought for the first time there was compunction in his voice.

"I could help you," she said firmly. "I admire your intellect and your strength. I am very, very sorry—I could make you respect yourself for all the power and cleverness there are in you. I could——" she suppressed a little shuddering cry, "perhaps I could love you," she faltered.

He stood looking down upon her



"SHE STARTED UP"

bowed head, that white heat of triumph in his face. He had possibly some affection for her. It was not all vanity that stirred him. He put an arm about her. With a cry she tore herself away. She stood at a distance from him, holding out a hand of avoidance. "O, I do not love you—yet," she cried breathlessly.

He broke into a scoffing laugh. "No,



nor ever will," he retorted, turning violently on his heel.

She hesitated one moment. Then she followed and caught up with him before he reached the door. She laid an arm about his throat, she laid her cheek against his shoulder.

"I will, I do," she said gently. "You shall never again go alone through life

with—with only your poor ugliness." He was about to kiss her, when I coughed. I walked down the room to where they stood, together. "Really, Major Yeo!" I said with undisguised disfavour.

"Really, Lord Syfret!" he retorted, with admirable insolence, adding with a bow and a laugh, "One might suppose you feel somewhat *de trop*."

### CHAPTER III.

Now whether Yeo loved her after that fashion of his which was more than two-thirds cruelty, or whether it was merely a sop to his galled vanity to carry a siege which Temple, famous for fine looks, fine character, and fine possessions, had vainly attempted two whole years, I cannot say.

I thought the Colonel would have blown his brains out when he knew. "She could never marry him. Good Heavens! how can a girl like her marry him?" he raved. "He is as big a brute as he looks."

"What could I do," Gladys pleaded to me. "I laughed at him. I wounded him. You heard me laugh."

"Pooh," I insisted, "an accident, a trifling error. Are you to sacrifice your life to such an indiscretion?"

"Everything is against him," she insisted. "I can help him. I can save him from himself. He will throw away his life——"

"He is bad, and a cad," I urged, "or he would never have used his ugliness and vices to compel you as he has done. And why should you pity him rather than Temple?"

She broke out crying. "It is fate," she wailed. "O, it is no good talking. I cannot help myself."

"Take Temple," I said. "He will only be too happy to help you."

"No, no," she sobbed, "he is handsome, and fortunate, and good—he has no need of me."

"No need, poor wretch; hasn't he shown his need faithfully and sufficiently these two years?" The two men were at this moment approaching from opposite sides of the garden. I saw her eyes glance from one to the other. The fear I had before seen passed into her face as she turned from Temple's fine personality to the hideousness of his rival. Before they had reached the verandah, she had fled.

Though things had gone so far, I believe she might even then have been saved had Townricarde not acted like a fool.

"For goodness' sake," I enjoined him, "go carefully, or you will fling her irrevocably into the brute's arms."

But nothing gives a man so much self-confidence as does his own pig-headedness. "My dear Syfret," he returned complacently, "Yeo leaves to-morrow, and I shall forbid her to see him again."

Next morning after breakfast I was summoned to the library. Outside the door, her fingers trembling about the handle, Gladys stood.

"It has come," she faltered, "and I cannot help myself, it is fate—it is fate!"

I took her hand, and together we went in.

Townricarde stood at one end of the hearthrug, gesticulating violently. At the other end, self-possessed, resolute and towering above him stood Yeo. "Your daughter shall speak for herself," he was saying, as we entered: "I will take no other answer."

"Speak for yourself, Gladys," her father insisted. "Send this man away. He has the insolence to tell me you have chosen him—a person you have known less than three weeks—for husband."

The Major folded his arms across his chest, and stood in a Napoleonic attitude, gloomy, deserted, forbearing. I could have kicked him for his tragic airs. I saw her look toward him helplessly. I saw the fear and weakness in her face.

"It is unfair," I protested. "We must give her time. Major Yeo will not take advantage of a girl's impulse——"

"She shall speak now or never," her father thundered. "Major Yeo leaves for London by the mid-day train."

The Major bowed. He took out his watch and consulted it. "That gives a clear hour for her—having already



"CAUGHT HIM UP BEFORE HE REACHED THE DOOR"

pledged herself—to speak," he said, adding brutally, "and for me to pack."

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred have a fibre which responds to savagery. It is a remnant of the squaw, the echo of an age wherein nature, making for physical fitness, fashioned woman in such wise that she should choose her mate in the red-handed victor. Gladys was the hundredth woman, however, and she distinguished between savagery and strength. She recoiled from the coarseness of his attitude and speech. She looked him unwaveringly in the face. It was a moment of advantage.

But Townricarde lost it by intemperate

action. He cast by his control, and starting forward shook a powerless fist in Yeo's face.

"You are a scoundrel, sir," he cried.

Yeo remained calm and dignified. "You take advantage of my position as your guest and of your daughter's presence to insult me," he submitted with admirable self-control.

Before I could prevent him, Townricarde crossed the room, and had rung the bell. "Major Yeo is leaving by the half-past one train," he said when the butler appeared. "See that the dog-cart is round."

The man swept our faces with a shrewd

respectful glance. "Will Major Yeo take lunch, my lord?"

"No," his lordship thundered.

"Father," Gladys put in, in a low voice, "you forget you have not invited Major Yeo."

"I have not asked him to lunch here, because I do not mean that he shall," her father burst out violently.

The butler closed the door respectfully behind him. The Major stood a minute. Then he turned, bowed, and walked down the room. I confess I was sorry for him at that moment, well as we were rid of him. It was a moment to humiliate the most audacious.

However, he was a man whose misfortunes stood him in good stead. As he went, mute, erect and dignified, he stumbled suddenly against a footstool and, tripping, fell headlong. He was quickly on his feet again, but in rising turned on us such a face of rage, mortifi-

cation and pitiful ugliness that Gladys with a low cry ran down the room to him. She put a detaining hand on his arm. She turned her face and streaming eyes.

"Father," she cried, "if you send Major Yeo away, I shall go with him."

• • • • •

They had not been married three months before her heart was broken. In less than twelve she had suffered an inordinately bitter punishment for that unwitting laugh of hers, had learned the lesson that the reclamation of a brute is no such light achievement, and further, that one pays in this round hollow world of ours more grievously for sins of judgment than one does for cold-blooded crimes. However, in that time she had carried these flint-stone facts, her broken heart, and a little dead, ugly-faced baby with her to the grave.

---

## FIRST LOVE

---

OUTSIDE my open door this misty dawn,  
While throistles pipe upon the budding bough  
And dewdrops glisten on the greening lawn,  
I wait the coming of my darling now.

The sweet old garden, wet with April showers,  
The daisied, pearly path across the grass,  
Flanked by the golden dandelion flowers,  
Await the coming of my own dear lass.

Listen! the clear click of the rising latch!  
Soon shall I feel upon my lips her kiss;  
The pairing swallows twitter 'neath the thatch . . .  
Ah, God! there never was a spring like this!

THOMAS MCEWEN.



THE FORGET-ME-NOTS

Photo by Hana

## THE CHILD ON THE STAGE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE are a good many reasons why the title that is written above may possibly excite emotions the reverse of pleasurable in the reader whose eye it catches. In the first place, on this subject, as on many others, we who have read our Dickens cannot but be influenced by what he wrote. The title that heads this article will suggest to some the name of Miss Crummles, the "Infant Phenomenon," and her name is not to be separated in thought from the Master's description of "a little girl in a dirty white frock with tucks up to the knees, short trousers, sandalled shoes, white spencer, pink gauze bonnet, green veil and curl-papers, who turned a pirouette, cut twice in the air, turned another pirouette, then looking off at the opposite wing shrieked, bounded forward to within six inches of the footlights, and fell



THE KREMO TROUPE

Photo by Hana

into a beautiful attitude of terror, as a shabby gentleman in an old pair of buff slippers came in at one powerful slide, and chattering his teeth, fiercely brandished a walking-stick."

All who have been much to the theatres have met with that sort of child on the stage, and she is a person whose memory is long-lived, and influences one's thoughts as to others who resemble her only in the fact that they are children, and already in the profession.

They remember the terrible fatuity of such scenes as that which was being rehearsed when Nicholas Nickleby first saw the child: "The manager clapped his hands as a signal to proceed, and the savage, becoming ferocious, made a slide towards the maiden, but the maiden avoided him in six twirls, and came down at the end of the last one upon the very points of her toes. This



LULU VALLI  
Photo by Hana

seemed to make some impression upon the savage, for, after a little more ferocity and chasing of the maiden into corners, he began to relent, and stroked his face several times with his right thumb and four fingers, thereby intimating that he was struck with admiration of the maiden's beauty. Acting upon the impulse of this passion, he (the savage) began to hit himself severe thumps in the chest, and to exhibit other indications of being desperately in love, which, being rather a prosy proceeding, was very likely the cause of the maiden's falling asleep; whether it was or not, asleep she did fall, sound as a church, on a sloping bank, and the savage perceiving it, leant his left ear on his left hand, and nodded sideways, to intimate to all whom it might concern that she *was* asleep, and no shamming. Being left to himself, the savage had a dance, all alone, and just as he left off the maiden woke up, rubbed her eyes, got off the bank, and had a dance all alone too—such a dance that the savage looked on in ecstasy all the while, and when it was done plucked from a neighbouring tree some botanical curiosity, resembling a small pickled cabbage, and offered it to the maiden, who at first wouldn't have it, but on the savage shedding tears relented. Then the savage jumped for joy; then the maiden jumped for rapture at the sweet smell of the pickled cabbage. Then the savage and the maiden danced violently together, and, finally, the savage dropped down on one knee, and the maiden stood on one leg upon his other knee; thus concluding the ballet, and leaving the spectators in a state of

pleasing uncertainty, whether she would ultimately marry the savage, or return to her friends."

They have the heartiest sympathy in the world with the feelings of Mr. Folair, who played the savage in the scene described already, and his impassioned expression of them: "Isn't it enough to make a man crusty to see that little sprawler put up in the best business every night, and actually keeping money out of the house, by being forced down people's throats, while other people are passed over? Isn't it extraordinary to see a man's confounded family conceit blinding him even to his own interest? Why, I *know* of fifteen-and-sixpence that came to Southampton one night last month to see me dance the High-



VALLI-VALLI IN "THE LADY OF LONGFORD"  
Photo by Hana





MISS DORA BARTON  
Photo by Bassano

land Fling, and what's the consequence? I've never been put up in it since—never once—while the 'infant phenomenon' has been grinning through artificial flowers at five people and a baby in the pit, and two boys in the gallery, every night. . . . I can come it pretty well—nobody better perhaps in my own line—but having such business as one gets here, is like putting lead on one's feet instead of chalk, and dancing in fetters without the credit of it."

Even the child who charms you on the stage arouses an admiration not unmingled with regret. Nor is the reason far to seek: she is a child who is consciously making believe. Now, it is the very essence of childhood to make believe. All children, as a matter of fact, are always acting in their private life. Even though they are destined to turn into the prosiest of commonplace folk when they grow older, they have imagination in plenty while they are young. Their dolls, their

toys, would have to be cast aside if the owners were not marvellously skilful in that simulation of the emotions that is the essence of the actor's art. As to the games that they invent for themselves—the games that have no set rules and are the property not of all children, but merely of the different groups among which they were invented: do they not prove that the child has the passion for acting more strongly developed than ever any maiden in her teens who was deemed demented by her friends?

The reason, then, why one is not quite in love with the child on the stage is simply that she has grown self-conscious. It was her charm—and, perhaps, may still be in her private life—that she was always acting and never knew that her proceedings were not in dead earnest; that she acted, if you will, so well as to deceive even herself into a belief in the reality of emotions which by their nature



VALLI-VALLI AND STEWART DAWSON IN "HOLLY TREE INN"  
Photo by Hana

must be simulated. Now she has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and knows (what a child ought not to know) that there is such a thing as acting. She is doing consciously and for the sake of applause what she ought to do without thought of reasons, as naturally as she draws her breath or as the rose gives sweetness. She is of necessity precociously wise, and so we are a little sorry for her.

That is the view of the man in the stalls. Yet, after all, a child is a child; and those who know the child of the stage when she is in her own home say that she may be just as simple in her pleasures as her sisters who are actresses only in the ordinary way. They tell you that the baleful quality of self-consciousness may be developed just as well in the nursery as on the stage, and



MISS GERALDINE SOMERSET  
Photo by Hans



TINY ARNOLD  
Photo by Hans

that many a child who acts delightfully, simulating no end of altogether unchildish emotions, loves dolls as heartily as any one in her private hours, and honestly believes in fairy tales and all the other pleasant incredibilities, the power to accept which is among the things that go to make children the happiest of God's creatures. If you will look at the pretty photographs here reproduced you will not doubt that most of the children whose pictures are here could not help being more grateful to you for a gift of sweets than for an eulogistic paragraph—or even an illustrated interview. So that they must in truth be children still, as one would have them.

We give you two pictures of the little Valli-Valli, for example, and each should demonstrate that she is very much the child that her eight years proclaim her. Certainly the picture in which she appears with Master Stewart Dawson makes it evident that she can act. The cleverest of photographers could never get so excellent a pose with the ordinary sitter. Valli-Valli's most successful



NINA LOTI  
Photo by Hana

appearance, perhaps, was in *The Lady of Longford*, where she charmed everyone by the grace and naturalness of her acting. More recently she played at Terry's in *Holly Tree Inn*, with Master Stewart Dawson, and the thing was as delightful as any seen upon the London stage for many a long day. We give you also a portrait of Valli-Valli's clever sister, Lulu. Lulu is the elder of the two, and is playing "Birdikins," in *The Prodigal Father* at the Strand. The two children are nieces of Mrs. Joseph Watson. The two sisters have played together, once in pantomime at Drury Lane. They are also exceeding popular at "at homes," and have travelled all over the country to appear at them. They sing and dance, of course; it is to be added that they really act, and it is impossible not to think that they are destined to occupy one of these days positions no less prominent amongst grown-up players than those they hold at the present time among the children of the stage. They are both linguists, speaking English, French and German.

Evelyn Hughes was introduced to Mrs. Watson some years ago, and at

the age of eight began to sing at "at homes." She was engaged by the late Sir Augustus Harris for Drury Lane dramas, and appeared with success in pantomime. One of her pleasantest recollections is of an entertainment she gave at Osborne on the fifth birthday of Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Loti's, also pupils of Mrs. Watson, have just concluded a pantomime engagement at Brighton. They sing and dance delightfully.

Stewart Dawson, who is a year older than his late companion at Terry's, is the son of the late Mr. Stewart Dawson, the actor, and has other relations who are well known upon the stage. He has already had a fairly wide experience, since he made his first appearance in *A Woman's Reason*. With Valli-Valli he recently appeared before the Prince of Wales at Sandringham in *Holly Tree Inn*. He is a clever boy, and we shall go on hearing of him: who knows but he will be playing the part of *jeune premier* when the most of us are too old and



DIA LOTI  
Photo by Hana

lazy to find the pleasures of theatre-going any longer worth the risks of exposing ourselves to draughts?

A child-actress rather older than the others on our list is Miss Dora Barton, who has been acting for so long a period as four years. She also comes of a family that has already given recruits to the stage. She appeared first of all in *A Man's Shadow*, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree. She has played in *The Silent Battle*, and is up-to-date enough to have taken a part in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, while she had a part in the Independent Theatre production of Dr. Todhunter's *Black Cat*. She has had the honour of appearing, with Mr. Tree's company, before the Queen at Balmoral. She had a boy's rôle in the Adelphi melodrama *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, and was one of the pages in Mr. Forbes Robertson's production of *For the Crown* at the Lyceum. Perhaps this is the last time she will be spoken of as a child-actress, for her latest part was a grown-up one. Another of our pictures is the portrait of La Petite Jerome, who lately played the child part in *A Pierrot's*



MISS MAGGIE FORD  
Photo by Pendry, Nottingham

*Life* at the Prince of Wales's with so great a charm.

Child-actors and actresses, in the strict sense of the word, are comparatively rare: possibly for the reason that it is as difficult as it is unnatural for a child to make-believe consciously. But the child dances almost by nature—at any rate it is missing a part of its proper education if it is not taught to dance—and the love of admiration comes no less easily. So that the child as a dancer has an altogether legitimate place upon the stage. The true successors of Miss Crummles are somehow the ones that



EVELYN HUGHES  
Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea



LA PETITE JEROME  
Photo by Alfred Ellis

she is so well known round Nottingham, her home, that her appearance in these pages is well warranted. She is known as the Midget dancer; she appeared in the opera *Nell* at Nottingham, at a performance given for the benefit of an orphanage. At a children's dance she gave an "Iola" dance. She has danced at many charitable entertainments, including one in aid of the Nottingham Children's Hospital, and another whose proceeds went to the *Daily Guardian* Cripple Fund.

Tiller's little Forget-Me-Nots are well known in London, as dancers and singers of the "coon" songs that have enjoyed so great a popularity of late years. For the rest you have portraits of Tiny Arnold, who, though fourteen years of age, claims to be the world's smallest dancer; and of the Kremo troupe.

you specially remember of the former class, though many have delighted you. But of child dancers who have afforded nothing but pleasure the memory is so full that it would appear they must all have been entirely charming.

Miss Geraldine Somerset is only twelve, yet she has danced her way into the affections of playgoers out of number in the course of three appearances in pantomime. In the latest Drury Lane pantomime, *Aladdin*, she was the Slave of the Lamp. Two years earlier she made her first appearance before the public as the Fly in *Santa Claus* at the Lyceum; while the year after that she was the Spirit of Adventure in *Robinson Crusoe*. She is an exceeding dainty little dancer, and promises to develop into a clever actress. But for that there is plenty of time!

Everyone who has known the London music-halls for the past year or two remembers the quick success that was gained by the Sisters Arundale in divers pretty sketches. The younger sister, Sybil, danced with especial charm, and an infectious enthusiasm, and when her elder sister left the stage she not unnaturally went on appearing, but alone. She still dances with an astonishing *verve* and enjoyment, and there is cleverness in her acting also.

Miss Maggie Ford is a young lady whose appearances in public have not yet become professional, but



SYBIL ARUNDALE  
Photo by Hana



## Two Martyrs

WRITTEN BY NORA HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG



THE girl's long tresses lay on the ground, and the girl and the boy together were plaiting them firmly into a long leash of silky brown.

"What are you doing?" said I.

They looked up at me with a dawning of mingled wonder and fear in their dark eyes.

"Making a noose," said the girl smiling. "I am sixteen to-morrow."

"And what then, pretty one?"

"To-morrow I am to die, of course." Then she added some words in a tongue I did not understand, familiar as I am with most of the patois that Mexican half-breeds use. Then she came back again to the bastard language in which I had addressed her. "Have you come from far, then, stranger?"

"From very far," I said. "But tell me, little one, what this thing is you talk so lightly of? Do you know what it means to die?"

"Yes," with a sudden shiver. "We saw our sister die, last year, eh, Amaru? She cried and wept sorely, because she was a newly-married bride: and she would not weave her own noose: but when the time came she was ready, and we did not hear her cry when her hair was round her throat: and they hanged her from a flowering tree so that her face was deep in blossoms when she died."

"You are Mexicans?" I said, aghast at the quietude with which she faced the sword hanging over her pretty head.

"We are from Yucatan," the boy Amaru said, lifting his quiet eyes to my wondering face. "There was sickness

in our village, so we came north, and we have made a village here in the woods, and we live and die after our fathers' fashion. And because there are many of us and only food for a few, one year we sacrifice every girl that is sixteen years of age: and then for five years there are no more sacrifices: and in the sixth year we put to death every boy under sixteen. Will you be my father's guest to-morrow, stranger, or have you farther yet to go?"

"I have farther to go," I said curtly. "Will you come with me away from to-morrow, pretty one? You will not? I would place you in a safe home, have no fear."

"Am I not safe in my father's house," she said, looking at me with wide-open brown eyes, "and with Amaru? Amaru is my very kind brother."

The boy stooped and kissed the slim brown hand that rested on his: then he looked up at me again, with eyes that were the brighter for the pain that lay deep in them.

"Can you take her away? The woods are full of our people."

"I would try," I said, less hopefully.

"That is no use——" the boy said despondently. "Come, Malinche, we must be going: it is time for our evening meal. Come, dear heart."

"Come, then," Malinche said, with a half-shy wholly-pretty look at me. "Good day to you, señor stranger, and a pleasant morrow."

They slipped away into the woods then, and I saw no more of them. I turned and rode back to the nearest town, whose name I forget—let us call it Ciudad—where I gave information to the police; so I hope and trust pretty Malinche will be saved to see her daughters past the fatal age of sixteen. If I were not bound to join the Governor at the sea coast, I would have waited—but duty, Bernard——

(Extract from the private papers of George Gascoyne, gentleman, of ——)

Street, New Orleans, and Floraville, Florida.)

*We sing a song of the old Gods,  
Even we whose fathers were  
Their wayward children : we bring a gift  
Of plaited hair,  
Of flesh and blood and maidenhood  
And maiden's hair.*

*We lift aloft to the old Gods  
A gift of fleeing breath :  
Of maiden heart that is beating faint  
With the terror of death :  
Of maiden eyes that from loving eyes  
Have ta'en no scathe.*

Malinche gave a last bright look at the wailing women to whom she was bidding farewell, and put their clasping arms away from her.

"Have done with crying as I with singing," she said. "Give me thy hand, Amaru, and lead me out, for the sun is dropping down."

Hand in hand the brother and sister stepped out into the westering sunshine, and stood still in a cleared space at the edge of the wood, whence they could see the Mexican town lying far below, but not the village hidden deep among the trees. Here Malinche was waited for by three or four old men, elders of the village, and two of her kindred, a half-breed boy and girl.

"Make no long delay," Malinche said quietly to her brother, as he stood hesitating with her hand in his, "for I see a stir of people on the road below, men who turn their horses' heads hither. Perhaps the white stranger from the north has spoken of meeting us yesterday."

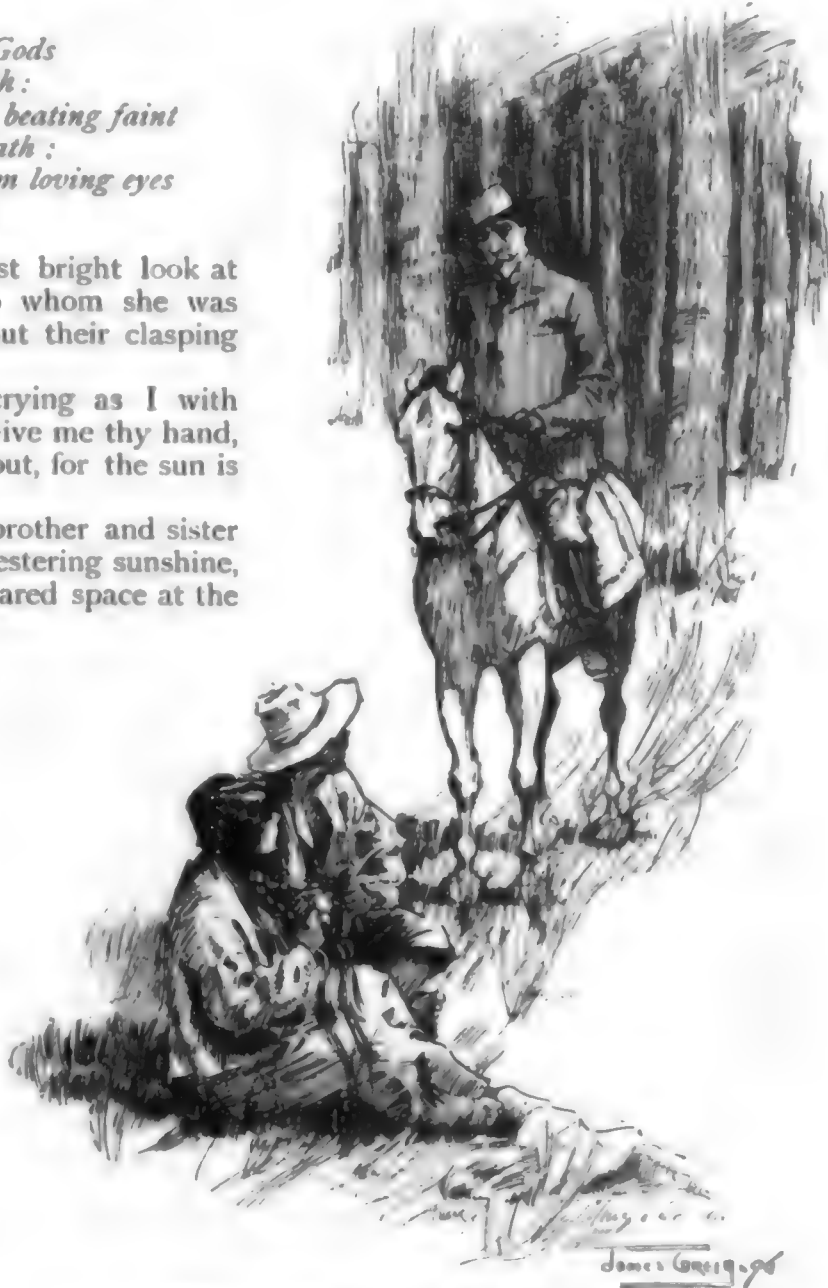
"Cut short the rites, then, Amaru," bade one of the elders. "The old Gods must not be baulked."

"Here is the water," Amaru said hoarsely, setting a full bowl at his sister's feet, "and Juan has the rope. Wash, Malinche, swiftly—or I shall break

down and heap shame on our name before the old Gods."

"Thou wilt not," Malinche said quickly. "Thou art braver than I, Amaru, and so will I tell the old Gods when I see them."

"May they love thee dearly, daughter



"TO-MORROW I AM TO DIE, OF COURSE"

of Eu," the elders said with one voice: and Malinche flushed warmly over brown throat and bosom.

"Pull close and pull strongly," she said, holding her brother's hands fast in hers. "And I will not speak to hinder you, dear heart o' me. There!" she stooped down and dipped her hands in the bowl. "I have washed my hands of life—I am clean. Let the old Gods take me."

"Kneel," said Amaru briefly: and she knelt, looking up at him with parted lips and smiling eyes.

"Take her hands, Juana and Juan, and tie them over this orange-bough."

With her bound hands the girl lifted the branch to her bosom and bowed her face upon the odorous blossoms.

"Now, Juan—quickly." The rope of her own hair was round her throat now, and Amaru and Juan went on quietly to the end of their dreadful work, pulling silently and strongly while the victim swayed gently to and fro between them, her face hidden still among orange-blossoms. Presently Amaru made a sign, and swiftly and silently as smoke the whole assemblage melted away, leaving him alone with his sister. He gave one quick glance at the mounted Mexicans riding furiously towards him: then turned again silently to loosen the noose of plaited hair, and make a screen of leaves for the shorn dark head that need "fear no more the heat of the sun." Then he dropped down beside her, with two Mexican bullets in breast and shoulder, and one through his knee.

When the mists cleared away from his eyes and brain he was in the jail hospital at Ciudad, and someone was probing his wounds with delicate steel instruments that hurt worse than the Mexican bullets.

"Am I dead?" he said, without opening his eyes. "Need you hurt me so, Gods of my fathers? Has not Malinche spoken for me to you?"

"That's all right," said a sharp voice: "it's very good acting, but it won't do here. You're alive enough to stand your trial for murder."

"Yes?" He opened his eyes now, and looked up into the face bent over him, wondering a little at the repugnance in it. "What is it I have done?"

"Strangled a woman in cold blood—caught in the act—pity they shot so wide."

"Malinche?" Amaru murmured. "Have you buried her, or my own people?"

"Who are your own people?"

A flash of remembrance came into Amaru's face, and he would not answer. "What is it you will do?" he said, vaguely.

"Hang you."

"Like Malinche?—no, I mean Lola. The tree was full of flowers where they hanged her."

"No——" sharply, "there'll be no

flowers for you, or trees either: only a gibbet and a yard or so of hemp."

Amaru sat up, his dark eyes grown darker with pain.

"Nor from a tree? Señor, let me die like one of my own people—let them hang me from a tree; or they may burn me if they will."

"We don't burn even murderers in Ciudad," the prison surgeon said drily. "Have done talking now, and sleep if you can. To-morrow the court is held."

To-morrow was strangely slow in coming, but it dawned at last, and Amaru was lifted from his bed and dressed in clothes that were not his by the untender hands of two hospital orderlies.

"I cannot stand," Amaru said, as his wounded knee gave way beneath him.

"Will you carry me, señores?"

"There's your chair waiting for you—what's wrong with it then?" as Amaru drew back. "Did you want velvet cushions to it? Por Dios, Diego, these Indian beasts grow proud."

"It is not clean," Amaru said, shrinking still. "No—do not touch me, señor: I can go alone." He limped across the room to the reclining chair, and dropped into it with a stifled exclamation of mingled pain and distaste, and lay there with closed eyes while his bearers hurried him down half a dozen long passages, jolting his wounded shoulder horribly at every turn, and presently set him down with a clatter that jarred through every aching nerve of him. Presently someone spoke to him in smooth Spanish, asking his name, and he gave it without unclosing his heavy eyelids.

"Amaru, son of Eu, son of Amaru."

Someone else sharply bade him open his eyes, and he obeyed, looking round him upon a sea of faces, all hostile and alien; and then he heard the surgeon's voice hazarding some suggestion of "wandering tribes" and "stranger customs than even this," and then the voice which had bidden him open his eyes roughly bade him plead. But Amaru was more afraid of Spanish curiosity for his people than he was of Spanish justice for himself, and leaned forward a little, turning clear young eyes on the hostile faces that watched him. "I have nothing to say, señores," he said, in the halting Spanish he had learned while he lay in prison. "My sister is dead—and these hands killed



"THE BROTHER AND SISTER STEPPED OUT INTO THE WESTERING SUN"

her. I have no people," setting his face like stone as he spoke. "And I killed Malinche: and I am here—to pay——" It was the pain of his wounds that made him falter now, not the sudden storm of oaths and cries that surged up round him, sinking only in time to hear the last words of the presiding judge's sentence—"and the Virgin's pity on your soul!"

Amaru had dragged himself erect to hear and meet the sentence which he but half understood, and for a minute or two longer he stood upright, though swaying, under a second stormy outbreak of execrations. Then he dropped back into his chair, and lay there bearing the pain which tore at knee and shoulder with the dumb stoicism he had inherited

from his Indian mother and father. He needed it sorely in the dreary days which dragged out their slow length between his sentence and its execution; needed it most when the priest had newly left him o' nights and he lay down, shuddering, in the unclean straw, listening to the foul talk of his Mexican neighbours, and wincing from their near proximity as he had never done from that of pain. "Be

endured the slow torture of eating strange food, drinking stale water and sleeping in the heavy air of the prison. When the twenty-eighth day came the dawn found Amaru awake and ready. When the soldiers came into the great room where horse-thieves and cheats and murderers dragged out life together they found this condemned murderer standing against the glassless square of window,



James Greig 90

"WILL YOU HANG ME HERE, SEÑORES?"

very good to Malinche, O ye old Gods," he muttered once, as he woke from an uneasy sleep. "I have consorted with the enemy, and I am not clean—and you will never take me to your heaven—and they have stunned me with their talk of the Spanish Virgin—and if you were kind, old Gods, you would send your lightnings and kill me now, while I am Indian still."

But the old Gods he prayed to were asleep or absent, and the lightning never came, and for twenty-eight days Amaru

with both hands lifted up to the slowly softening sky; and heard the concluding words of his prayer—"So I go, old Gods, and where I know not. Because I have huddled with the dregs of Spain and lost my place in the Indian heaven—I am not of you. And because I believe half in you still, I may not sit at the feet of the Spaniards' Maria; and where else shall I turn? But I give you praise, old Gods, that you have called Malinche from these doubtful seas I sail on—and ——" He stopped, seeing the soldiers,



and waited, looking about him with eyes that were only wistful, not afraid at all.

"Will you hang me, here, señores?" he asked quietly. "Is it not all one where?"

"No," gruffly said the captain. "Put on your blanket and stand still to have your leg-irons struck off."

It was easier for Amaru to obey the second order than the first, for he thought less of the jarring pain that struck through his wounded knee than the greasy frowziness of the blanket tossed over to him; but the instinct of prompt obedience was strong in him yet, and there was little sign of struggle in his face as he drew the blanket about his shoulders and took a step forward into the midst of his guard of four.

"Quick march . . ." There were a few more quick orders, unintelligible in Amaru's ears, and then he was in a

strongly-walled square courtyard, with the sound of a drum beating heavily in his ears, and a black shadow on his eyes—the shadow of the gibbet.

"Free life and foul death," he said, shrinking suddenly from the touch of the rope on his bared throat. "No—I will not bear my eyes blinded—for the love of your God's Mother—no!"

Then, as his protesting hands were dragged behind his back and tied, the pale patience settled down on his face again like a mask; and was there when the white cap was drawn down over his eyes. Someone lifted him, stumbling and blindfold, to a stool, and drew the noose tighter round his throat; then the stool was thrust from under his feet, and Amaru fell, and hung wavering for a long minute between light and darkness. But when the darkness gave place, once for all, to light, I think it was Malinche's face that Amaru saw first.



"I BRING YOU ROSES"

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE

# "My First Appearance"

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

## XI.—MR. AND MRS. FRED TERRY (MISS JULIA NEILSON)



O say that the world lost in Julia Neilson a great vocalist when it gained a great actress sounds a commonplace, perhaps. It sounds worse than a commonplace when it is added that a great musician—none other than the late Sir Joseph Barnby—suggested that Miss Neilson should embrace the stage rather than the concert platform. But then Sir Joseph probably intended that his distinguished young pupil should not neglect her singing; and, indeed, it is Miss Neilson's modest boast that she has not done so—wholly. Did she not sing, and sing sweetly, in the St. James's production of *As You Like It*?

The drawing-room in their home is made bright by the presence of many and many a souvenir. Prominently hung is the Collier portrait of Miss Neilson as "The Dancing Girl", which made so great a sensation in the Academy of 1892. There are signed photographs of Mr. Pinero, Sir Joseph Barnby, and several members of the Terry family; there is rare old china, of which Miss Neilson is exceedingly fond; and there are the gold and silver medals which her voice won for her in successive competitions at the Royal Academy of Music.

"I entered the Academy," she explained while showing me the medals, "at sixteen, with the intention of becoming a pianist; but, acting under the advice of Professor Randegger and of Mr. Barnby (as he then was), I elected to cultivate my voice instead."

"Tell me first of your very early years," I requested.

"My people are not an acting family," said she, "though Miss Lily Hanbury is my cousin. No, nor can I claim any relationship with my beautiful predecessor, Adelaide Neilson; albeit, she, like myself, owed her name to a Scottish

father. My childhood was passed at Wiesbaden, and there I laid the foundations of my musical education and became a decently good German linguist."

"I have not had the pleasure of hearing you sing," said I, with a glance at the open piano. Miss Neilson, fine actress though she be, did not "act" upon the gentle hint so given.

"My voice is mezzo-soprano," she said, fingering the medals lovingly. "I won the Llewellyn-Thomas Gold Medal—here it is—for declamatory singing, the Sainton-Dolby prize, and the Westmoreland Scholarship. But just as I was about to drift naturally into the vocal profession, we had some amateur theatricals (they are the joys of life to students of the Academy, you know). It was Mr. W. S. Gilbert who 'found me out,' so to speak, and declared that I must go upon the stage."

"Now for your 'First Appearance,' Miss Neilson?"

"My professional *début* took place at the Lyceum on the afternoon of March 21, 1888, when I played Cynisca to Miss Mary Anderson's Galatea, under the Abud management. Mr. Macklin played Pygmalion, and Mrs. Billington was likewise in the caste."

"What were your sensations, and were the critics kind?"

"My sensations were those of abject nervous terror, and so they have remained ever since. I can never go upon the stage now without feeling desperately frightened: it is an infirmity that doesn't seem to pass with time. The critics? I suppose they must have been 'kind,' as you call it. Anyway, I went straight on acting, and have been acting, more or less continuously, from then till now."

"The play written for you by Mr. Gilbert was a failure, I think?"

"You mean *Brantingham Hall*: yes, it was a failure, unfortunately. I now went to the Haymarket, where I enjoyed

a delightful series of engagements. I played Julie in *A Man's Shadow*, Lois in *The Balladmonger* (assuming the part at a few hours' notice), and you will recollect that I played the name-part in *The Dancing Girl*—my favourite character—for upwards of three hundred nights.

inform THE LUDGATE that you 'found time' to marry me during the run of *The Dancing Girl*," exclaimed Mr. Fred Terry, entering the room at that moment and speaking in an aggrieved tone.

"O, that trivial fact is covered by my having mentioned our American tour,"



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS ROSALIND  
Photo by Alfred Ellis

You mustn't forget the American tour, though it doesn't belong to my first appearance. Besides these, I have been Lady Ormond in *Peril*, the title character in *Hypatia*, *The Tempter*, *A Woman of No Importance*, *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, Princess Flavia in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and Rosalind to Mr. George Alexander's Orlando."

"And you have never found time to

laughed his wife. Then Mr. Fred Terry temporarily monopolised the conversation by telling me of *his* initial experiment upon the professional stage.

"It is easily told," he remarked, "and won't tax your memory or your readers' time. I, as a boy of sixteen, was in the habit of accompanying my sister to rehearsal when the Bancrofts were about to stage their famous production

of *Money*. And one day Mr. Bancroft asked me what I was 'going to be.' I said I didn't know. He offered me a pound a week simply to walk on in *Money*—not a speaking part. I accepted with alacrity, my boyish mind finding the pound a week exceedingly acceptable as pocket money."

"But the name and renown of your family should surely have ensured you a royal road to greatness!"

"It did not, anyhow. For months—aye, for two or three years—I toured the provinces in a great variety of small parts, and at a salary of about a pound a week. It must have been good training, but it was often very hard. For when I say that I received a pound a week, I mean that I *lived* on that amount."

"But better days surely, if slowly, dawned?"

"Yes. I largely attribute any success I may have gained, however, to a certain strenuousness of spirit which has forbidden me to be cast down for long. If critics have occasionally been unkind, I have decided either that they were wrong or that there was something in my acting that must be remedied."

"Your visits to America will have brought you face to face with many an example of that same indomitable spirit?"

"In America, the land of the free and of vocal dust-whirlwinds," rejoined Mr. Terry, "I have, as you say, met with some curious characters. In the Great Republic, too, I have had my own harsh experiences. On my first tour, I remember, the company became more or less 'stranded'; and though still acting, I used to accept the hospitality of a man who was on the New York Stock Exchange and had a beautiful house with a billiard-room. On my next visit to the States I couldn't find my friend anywhere. At last he came down to the theatre one night, and I invited myself home with him. To my astonishment I found that his 'home' now consisted of two rooms over a barber's shop! He

had come to smash on the Stock Exchange, and had gone off 'Change to shave chins! Many months afterwards, in England, I received a letter informing me that my friend was again 'up' in the world, billiard-room and all. The third time that I crossed the Atlantic, however, I could not find him anywhere; he was either dead or had 'gone under' completely, I assumed. I only tell you this story to illustrate the extraordinary race after the Dollar that distinguishes the Yankee mind, and the curious ups and downs that men experience in its pursuit. It makes them very hospitable and kind to—shall we say strangers!"

Fred Terry "loves comedy," and seems grateful to Fate that he has never yet found himself "wordless" on the stage. Success has not ruined him, though the temptation must at times have been great. Of more than anything which his own talent may have accomplished, I genuinely believe he is the most proud of his wife's successes. Outside of Shakespeare, Charles Surface is Mr. Terry's favourite comedy character.

I may not inappropriately close this interview by quoting from Mr. Clement Scott's opinion of Mrs. Fred

Terry's newest and in some respects fairest picture—*Rosalind*:—"She comes after her lovely namesake, Adelaide Neilson, after Carlotta Leclercq, Mrs. Rousby, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Marie Litton, Ada Cavendish, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Langtry, and many more, and she is still the perfect picture of the ideal *Rosalind*. Nervousness deprived this clever lady, whose recent performances have been so remarkable, almost of the power of speech in the earlier scenes. But courage returned minute by minute, the hurried utterance born of stage-fright disappeared before the play was half over, and we are bold enough to say that the 'swooning scene' after Oliver's descriptive speech has never been better acted by any *Rosalind* of our time."



MR. FRED TERRY  
Photo by Dana, New York



PARIS STATUES, X.—BOUCHER, IN THE JARDIN DU LOUVRE





PLAYING PRANKS WITH THE WATCH

## *Memories of Old Bow Street Police Court*

ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS

ON April 4th, 1881, the old home of the famous Bow Street Runners closed its doors on the last prisoner convicted there—a ragged urchin named McCarthy, charged with stealing some firewood. For well-nigh a century it had held its own as the chief Police Court of London; and its memories included some of the most infamous scoundrels in criminal history. Many of the crimes here unfolded are now things of the past—engendered by a condition of manners and morals which have happily ceased to exist. Highwaymen no longer lie in wait on Hounslow Heath, Wimbledon Common, and the other roads round London—to rob the mail, or to terrify the belated traveller with their demand of “Your money or your life!” Nor do those human ghoul—the body-snatchers—any longer ply their revolting trade. The perjured witnesses too, who, in days gone by, gained a living by swearing away the lives of innocent men, are now no more. Here Fielding, the novelist, for some years dispensed justice to the motley crowd that patronised the pokey, evil-smelling old court; and later, when ill-health compelled him to retire from the Bench, his blind brother John (afterwards

knighted) succeeded him as the chief magistrate.

Previous to Fielding's time the magistrates received no salary, and the work being of a laborious nature it was practically impossible to get men of position to devote their leisure to duties involving so much self-sacrifice and unpleasantness—hence the Trading or Basket Justices whose doings became such a scandal to the metropolis towards the close of the eighteenth century. These men took the office simply to make a living out of it, and if they could not make it honestly they did not hesitate to do so dishonestly, and were always susceptible to a little argument in the shape of a present or bribe from the parties brought before them. Game, poultry and any other contributions were received from disinterested donors, and quietly dropped into the baskets from which these worthies took their name.

Scarcely less disgraceful was the mode which succeeded of exacting payment by fees. Henry Fielding tells us that one of his predecessors used to boast that he made a thousand a year out of his place; and old Townsend, the celebrated runner, whose experience of the police system went back to 1780, stated, in 1816,



SIR JOHN FIELDING IN HIS COURT

forms the basis of the existing system, seven new courts were established, each with three magistrates.

It will be interesting to glance back and trace the evolution of the smart-looking constable of to-day from a picturesque custom which existed in the olden times known as the Marching and Setting of the Watch, a ceremony which took place on midsummer-eve. This ancient "show," we are told, comprised some two thousand men, some mounted and some on foot—demi-lances on horseback, gunners with arquebuses and wheellocks, archers, pikemen in bright corselets, and billmen with aprons of mail. These were followed by the cresset-bearers with their flaming cressets borne aloft; and after them the constables of the Watch, each in glittering armour and gold chain of office, and accompanied by his henchmen, minstrel, and cresset-bearer: the rear of the imposing cavalcade being brought up by the morris-dancers and a crowd of shouting, laughing citizens. After

to a Parliamentary Committee, that "before the Police Bill took place at all, it was a trading business; and the plan used to be to issue warrants, and take up all the poor devils in the streets, and then there was the bailing of them, 2s. 4d., which the magistrates had; and taking up a hundred girls, that would make, at 2s. 4d., £11 13s. 4d. They sent none to gaol, for the bailing of them was so much better." So there certainly seems to have been room for the improvement brought about by the Bill Townsend refers to. Under this measure, which



THE MARCHING WATCH

marching through the streets groups of the Watch were posted about the city to guard the bonfire-lighted streets during the wild revelries of the night-time. But towards the close of his reign Henry VIII. abolished the picturesque old custom, which in his early days had afforded him so much amusement, and caused the cost of the annual payment to be devoted to a substantial standing Watch. So we come to the watchman, with lanthorn and halberd, calling to the sleeping inmates of the houses to hang out their lights as they were ordered to do on dark winter evenings.

by other magistrates. Thus, in 1805, when the "Knights of the Road" had again become very troublesome, Sir Richard Ford inaugurated the Bow Street Horse Patrol, a splendidly mounted body "armed to the teeth" with cutlass, pistols, and truncheon. Later, this force, whose beat lay five or ten miles out, was supplemented by the oddly-named Police Dismounted Horse Patrol, who protected the roads nearer town. In 1822, Mr. Peel introduced the Day-Patrol. But seven years later he abolished the whole of these heterogeneous bands and introduced the present system. And so, step by step, we get down from the



BOW STREET POLICE COURT, CIRCA 1816

In *Tom and Jerry* we get a glimpse of what the old "Charlies"—the successors of the "Dogberries"—had to put up with. A favourite diversion with the "gay-dogs" of the town was to imprison the watchmen by overturning the box while the unsuspecting inmate was having a quiet snooze. On one occasion the victim, only then half-awakened from his slumbers, was heard bawling from the gutter: "Past eleven o'clock."

With a view to checking highway robberies Sir John Fielding established a small force of well-armed men, styled the Patrol, whose duty it was to patrol the lonely roads round London at night-time, meeting at certain fixed points. This proved a great success, and was accordingly extended in different forms

picturesque men of the old-time mid-summer-eve, to the comfortable-looking, though certainly not picturesque, policeman of our own day.

The prototypes of the present-day detective force were the famous Bow Street Runners, whose very name was a terror to evil-doers. "Their ensign of office," says a writer, "was a tiny bâton with a gilt crown on the top; but malefactors knew perfectly well that their pockets held pistols, as well as handcuffs, and that a 'Robin Redbreast' (so named from their scarlet waistcoat) of Bow Street was as bold as his volatile namesake. In the time of Sir Richard Birnie (1821) the 'Robin Redbreasts' numbered a dozen: to wit, old Townsend and Sayer, and ten officers under these, among whom



BODY-SNATCHERS AT WORK

the most prominent were Ruthven, Taunton, Salmon, Leadbitter and Gawner." Their standing salary was wretchedly inadequate — 25s. a week; but anyone requiring their service was expected to pay a guinea a day, and 14s. for travelling expenses. In special cases, such as great robberies from banks and business houses, it was customary to stimulate their energies with the promise of a handsome *douceur*. But, though this extra remuneration was expected, according to Sir Richard, it was never enforced; and when not forthcoming the officer took care that the men did not lose by their journey. It is not surprising that under such a system the runners occasionally indemnified themselves in a less legitimate manner.

When Townsend was before the Committee, he was asked whether he did not think that a rich criminal was likely to influence an officer in the execution of his duty?

"No question about it," was his reply. "I will give the Committee a case in point.

Supposing, for instance, when I convicted Broughton, which, I believe, is now twenty-two years ago, and who was convicted for robbing the York Mail: I convicted at the same assizes, the summer assizes, a celebrated old woman, Mrs. Usher, worth at least three thousand guineas, for she made over that property by her attorney. I was then in the habit of attending Vauxhall, for which I received half a guinea, and a half-pint of wine, which I relinquished, and took the fifteen pence.

"Mrs. Usher picked a lady's pocket; I was close by, and secured her. She was tried before Baron Hotham. Mr. Ives, the gaoler in Surrey, before the trial, came to me, and said, 'Townsend, you know Mother Usher very well?' 'Yes,' said I, 'these ten years.' He said, 'Cannot this be *stashed*?' — meaning put an end to.

"I said, 'No, it was impossible that it could be; because the case was very



EGAN THE THIEF-CATCHER KILLED IN THE PILORY

plain, and of all women on earth she ought to be convicted; and in my opinion, if she is convicted capitally, nothing but her sex and her old age ought to save her from being executed; and I shall think it my duty when she is convicted to state to the judge, after conviction, my opinion of her case,' which I did.

"She was convicted, and Baron Hotham ordered me my expenses, which expenses amounted to four guineas and a-half. I set off immediately in a post-chaise to give evidence against Broughton. The present Attorney-General was her counsel. Baron Hotham said to me, 'This woman you seem to be well acquainted with?'

" 'Yes, my Lord,' said I, 'I am very

his province to do it, nor would he trust himself with those people; therefore there must be bad houses, because A says to B I will meet you at such a place to-night. I know five-and-twenty or six-and-twenty years ago there were houses where we could pop in, and I have taken three and four or five and six at a time, and three or four of them have been convicted, and yet the public-house was tolerable orderly too. It has often turned out that when information has come to the office, as it might be this morning, of a footpad robber done so-and-so, poor Jealous, and another officer, Macmanus, who was many years in the office, and I have slipped out and gone to some of



BISHOP'S COTTAGE IN NOVA SCOTIA GARDENS

sorry to say she is a very old offender; but her age, which your Lordship has heard her give, and her sex, are the only plea that ought to save her; for the jury found her guilty of stealing, but not privately, which took away the capital part: therefore she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the new gaol in the Borough. I then lived in the Strand; two of her relations called upon me, trying to see what could be done, and they would have given me £200 not to have appeared against that woman."

The old runner had also something to say on the *Flash Houses* or *Thieves' Taverns* which were in full working order at the beginning of the century.

"The fact is, he said, 'a thief will never sit amongst honest men: it is not

the *Flash Houses*, and looked about—nobody there; and gone to another, and very likely hit upon the party going to it or in it."

These houses, which by an official fiction were supposed to be non-existent, were undoubtedly largely used by the runners as a means of obtaining information about thieves or seeing them. As might be expected, this constant intercourse with thieves exercised a demoralising influence on the officers, and occasionally led to very discreditable practices. Regular treaties were often entered into for the compounding of great robberies, when, on payment of a certain sum, the stolen goods would be restored, on condition that prosecution was forborne. This practice, according to Mr.



Justice Blackstone, was carried to great lengths of villainy in the early part of the reign of George I., the confederates thus disposing of stolen goods, at a cheap rate, to the owners themselves, and thereby stifling all inquiry. The famous Jonathan Wild had under him a well disciplined corps of thieves, who brought in all their spoils to him, and he kept a sort of public office for restoring them to their owners at half-price: to prevent which audacious practice an Act was passed under which Mr. Jonathan Wild was subsequently convicted and executed.

In addition to his disinterested assistance in the restoration of stolen goods, Jonathan was also a very zealous thief-

diately indicted anew and convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, and to be set in the pillory twice during this period. This enabled the people to do themselves what the law was unable to do. When three of the scoundrels were exposed in the pillory they were so roughly handled by the mob that they barely escaped with their lives, and when, three days later, the other two were brought out, one was killed outright and the other dangerously wounded. The general plan followed by these villains, we are told, was for one of them to entice two persons to join him in robbing an accomplice; a second rogue then, taking care that the first should



A MIDNIGHT BRAWL.

catcher—when it paid him best—for at that time a reward of £40 was given to any person obtaining the conviction of highway-robbers, coiners, and various other delinquents. As a matter of fact the custom really amounted to offering a premium for such evidence as would hang a man, and unquestionably caused many an innocent life to be sworn away for the sake of this “blood-money.”

In 1755 a great sensation was caused by the discovery of a league of miscreants who had made a regular trade of charging innocent people with crime for the sake of the rewards. The gang was tried and found guilty; but, as the crime did not come within any statute under which they could be executed, the conviction was quashed. They were, however, imme-

diately apprehended the two dupes, and, having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the articles of which their confederate had allowed himself to be robbed, found no difficulty in convicting and securing the reward. When the money was received, it was divided at an entertainment which went by the significant name of the *blood-feast*.

The pernicious effect of these rewards was again strikingly shown in 1816, when, according to Mr. Fitzgerald, certain of the Bow Street officers were discovered to be in the habit of holding out inducements to burglars and others to carry out their schemes in the hope of ultimately obtaining the blood-money. By mere accident, Vaughan, one of the Patrol,

was found to be concerned in a villainous plot against the lives and liberty of certain innocent persons.

Not less monstrous was a diabolical development of the revolting practices of the "body-snatchers," so prevalent during the early part of the present century. Not content with robbing the churchyard, certain of these monsters, when supplies ran short, murdered people in order to obtain their bodies, which they sold to the hospitals and schools of anatomy for eight or ten pounds each. The public had scarcely recovered from the horror and indig-



CHARLES PRICE

nation called forth at the discovery of the atrocities of Burke and Hare—who owned to having murdered sixteen persons for the sake of their bodies!—before a similar conspiracy was discovered in London.

It seems that on November 5th, 1831, the body of an Italian lad was offered at King's by two villainous-looking fellows, Bishop and May, when the appearance of the corpse roused suspicions. The men were accordingly detained, under the plea of change being obtained for a fifty-pound note, while the police were sent for. The scoundrels were promptly conveyed to Bow Street. Mr. Minshul, the magistrate, conducted the inquiry, and, as a result of his exertions, the murder of the poor lad and of a woman was brought clearly home to the villains. In due course they were publicly executed and their bodies handed over for dissection. The plan adopted was to entice poor outcasts to their house, No. 3, Nova Scotia Gardens, Bethnal Green, then a suburb, under pretence of giving them food and drink. The last was drugged with laudanum. No sooner were the victims insensible than they were conveyed into a back garden, and a cord tied to their feet, and lowered head-first into the well; the cord being made fast to prevent them slipping beyond reach. A little later they were drawn up, undressed, and washed; their clothes being buried in the garden, and their bodies taken to the hospitals.

In one case retribution overtook a

resurrectionist in a very remarkable manner. The worthy had been at work in the old Marylebone Churchyard, and in climbing over the wall with his booty must have slipped, and in some way the rope, by which he was carrying the sack, became fixed round his neck—the corpse on one side of the wall and he the other. In this position his lifeless body was discovered next morning—a curious instance of a dead man hanging a live one.

The doctors, in their desire to obtain subjects "for the benefit of science," were, of course, the real delinquents in this odious business. There is, therefore, some satisfaction in knowing that from time to time they were victimised by their tools—the body-snatchers.

One night a certain eminent professor was roused from his slumbers by a man who informed him he had got a subject for him. Slipping into his clothes he went down and desired the man to bring in the body. Having settled with him, he with a kick rolled the bundle down six or seven steps into his dissecting room—a proceeding which called forth startling yells from the "corpse" thus unceremoniously dismissed. The medico found a live man had been placed in the

sack, and, though the man swore a trick had been played with him while he was drunk, the professor was not to be deceived, and opening the door promptly kicked the "subject" into the street.



CHARLES PRICE DISGUISED

Another trick sometimes played on the doctors by the resurrectionists was, after having sold a body to an anatomist, for one of the party

to lay an information against him, whilst another, pretending to be a heart-broken relative, would claim the body, and promptly dispose of it to some other purchaser!

But to return to Bow Street. One of the most cunning rascals that ever tried the skill of the officers was the celebrated "Prince of Forgers," Charles Price, better known as "Old Patch," for whose apprehension a reward of £200 was offered in 1784. He took the most extraordinary

precautions to avoid discovery—manufacturing his own paper with the special water-mark, engraving his own plate, and making his own ink. His favourite plan of changing the forged notes was to induce some dupe to buy lottery tickets for him with them, whilst he waited outside disguised as a feeble old man with a patch over his eye. But there was no end to his resources. On one occasion whilst posing as a wealthy stockbroker, he persuaded a silversmith to lend some plate on the security of one of his notes. Of course, on inquiry being made, plate and broker had both vanished.

Thornbury tells a good tale of the crafty old fox. One day a man of business stopped a London merchant on 'Change and showed him a letter he had received from an Amsterdam correspondent, complaining that he had been defrauded of £1,000 by a rascal named Trevors, who frequented the London 'Change, and requesting his aid to recover part or the whole. The friend suggested a plan for capturing the infamous Trevors.

"'To-morrow, sir,' he said, 'he will most likely be upon the 'Change, in the Dutch Walk. He dresses in a red surtout and a white wig. He wears square-toed shoes with small buckles, and the rest of his dress is as plain as a Quaker's. Your best plan will be to accost him, and get into conversation about the commerce of Amsterdam. Pretend the dog can be of service to you, and ask him home to

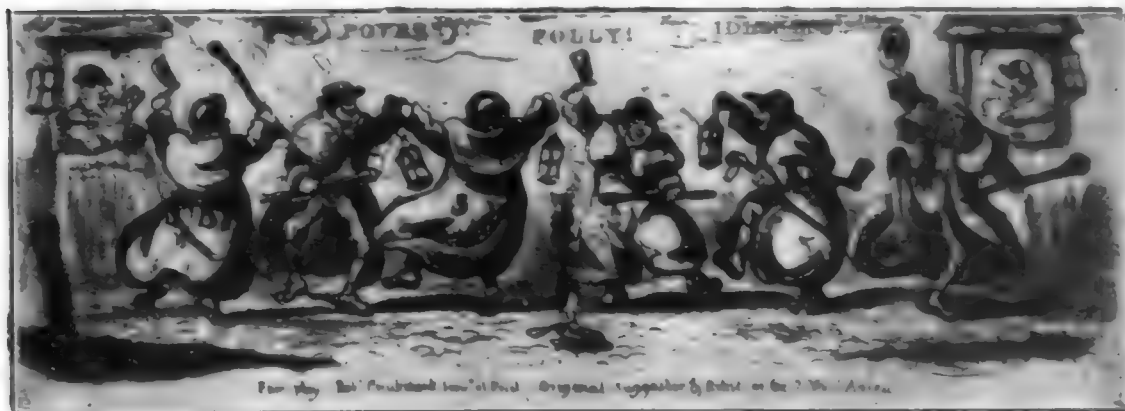
dinner. When the cloth is gone break the business to him, and inform him that unless he instantly refunds the whole or part of the money, you will on the morrow expose the matter to the principal city merchants.'"

The gentleman took the advice of his shrewd friend and the ruse succeeded admirably. The swindler seemed overwhelmed with fear. He begged not to be exposed on 'Change, and offered £500 down if no proceedings were taken. The honest man consented, but Mr. Trevors had only a thousand-pound note. However, the difficulty was met by the gentleman giving Trevors his cheque for £500. Having received it, he left the house, apparently in a state of the utmost penitence and mortification.

The gentleman chuckled at the success of the stratagem; but his self-congratulation was short-lived. Next morning the note was discovered to be a forgery, and the cheque had been changed for gold soon after the bank opened. Meanwhile the repentant sinner—Old Patch himself—had once again vanished.

For years the old rogue baffled the resources of the bank backed up by all the forces of Bow Street, and during that time it was estimated Mr. Price had netted over two hundred thousand pounds by his little schemes!

At last he was run to earth; but even his death was a cheat, for he slipped through the executioner's fingers by hanging himself in his cell.



## *Pierrot in Poverty*

---



THE STORY IS OF PIERROT  
AND COLUMBINE



PIERROT IS COLD AND HUNGRY



WITH POCKETS EMPTY



HE MEDITATES



RESOLVES TO SLEEP



BUT WAKES STILL HUNGRY



AND WITHOUT A PLAN



THEN HE REMEMBERS COLUMBINE



RESOLVES TO ASK HER PITY



AND SINGS HIS SORROWS



ENTREATING HOSPITALITY



AND AS HE SINGS





PROMISES SHE SHALL NOT GO  
UNREWARDED



SAYING THAT WHEN CHRISTMAS  
COMES



IF SHE WILL LEAVE HER  
SABOT OUT



FATHER CHRISTMAS WILL  
PLACE IN IT



THE HEART OF PIERROT



TO HIS AMUSEMENT SHE  
BELIEVES HIM

# Dialogue of the Month

## CONCERNING FOOLS

WRITTEN BY CLARENCE ROOK

"THIS morning," said Martin, "rather a striking thing happened to me."

Celia looked inquiringly over the top of her liqueur-glass. I sniffed. For I have had experience of Martin's adventures.

"I had just started out," said Martin, "and had only gone a few steps down the street when a boy came behind me and said 'Please, sir, you've dropped your purse.'"

"Honest little boy," said Celia. "I hope you gave him something. So many people

"I was anxious to give him something," said Martin, "but he wouldn't wait for it. Indeed, he ran away."

"Then you didn't even thank him?" said Celia.

"I had not dropped my purse," said Martin. "In fact, if I paused a moment to consider, I should have remembered that I never carry a purse. Nevertheless, the boy's voice spoke with the accent of truth, and I looked round. Whereupon he said I was an April fool, and vanished round the nearest corner."

"Oh yes—of course it's the first of April," said Celia, laughing. "You needn't have been annoyed."

"I don't see anything particularly striking about the incident," I said. "It seems to me the case of an ordinary boy and an ordinary fool."

"That's just the pathos of it," said Martin. "The cynicism of the boy!

Don't you think that's rather striking? Why do you suppose he called me a fool?"

"Because," I replied, "you thought you had dropped your purse when really you had no such thing as a purse in the world."

"The boy," said Martin, "must have argued with himself like this: I will make a categorical statement, as boy to man. If

the man believes me, I shall be justified in considering him a fool. Now can you conceive a more cynical boy? At that early age he has so lost his confidence in human honesty—even in his own honesty—that he regarded any man who credited his statement as a fool."

"I expect, really," said Celia, "he only wanted to see if you could catch him."

"Well—he saw," said Martin, lighting his cigarette.

"Really, it's very sad to have to admit it," said Martin, after thoughtfully watching his cigarette's smoke for a minute or



"APRIL FOOL!"

two; "but that boy was quite right. My conduct will supply a fairly good working definition of the average fool."

"How do you mean?" asked Celia.

"Well, the fool," said Martin, "is the man who believes that other people are telling him the truth."

"Then," said Celia, "I think I prefer the fool to the other people."

"In that," said Martin, "you resemble the other people."

Celia wrinkled her brows. She was weighing the value of the compliment.

"What does the average fool do?" said Martin. "He sees an advertisement in the paper to the effect that by sending six stamps he can be put in the way of doubling his income in his leisure time after tea; or that a man has discovered how to break the bank at Monte Carlo and wants a stranger to share in the profits; or that someone else who knows what horse will win a particular race will sell his knowledge for half-a-crown instead of keeping it to himself and making his fortune—and he sends the money along."

"I saw an excellent instance the other day," I said. "A prisoner who is languishing in a dungeon in a castle in Spain sends a nicely written letter to various people in England. The prisoner has a hidden treasure somewhere; also a little daughter. Being a prisoner he has no use for either. So he asks the kind-hearted stranger to take charge of the little daughter and share in the hidden treasure which the little daughter will bring in her little pocket. The kind-hearted stranger has only to send over the price of the little daughter's ticket to England. What do you think of that?"

"There isn't any prisoner, of course," said Martin.

"No. But there ought to be," I said. "Several. For the dodge is worked by a firm in Barcelona, which makes an excellent thing out of it."

"But such people ought to be arrested," said Celia.

"Which people?" asked Martin.

"Why, the swindlers," said Celia.

"I don't agree with you," said Martin. "A successful swindler is necessarily a clever man, and therefore is too good to waste over picking oakum. I should arrest the fools who send him money. In fact, I should make it a criminal offence to be a fool."

"I remember," I said, "that a somewhat

similar proposal was made by a mad politician during the French Revolution. He got up in the Assembly—or convention—or whatever it was, as often as he could get a word in edgeways, and said 'Je demande l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches!'"

"A very sensible proposal," said Martin. "It goes to the root of the matter."

"But it was generally regarded as impracticable," I said. "How would you catch your fools?"

"Just as we catch the swindlers now. In fact, the swindler and the fool imply one another, and always appear together. I wouldn't be too hard on them at first. Say a very young man was brought up and charged with having lost his money over the three-card trick. If there were no previous convictions against him, I should sentence him to a month's hard labour, in the hope that he would grow more sensible as he grew older. But if I found as time went on that he gave money to the fireman who says he is collecting subscriptions for the fire-brigade, or handed over the savings of a lifetime to a genial stranger just as a proof of confidence, or borrowed from advertising money-lenders under the impression that he is getting a loan without security at 5 per cent. per annum—then I should take him and lock him up for life as an incorrigible ass. There isn't an atom of excuse for a man tumbling into these traps when every newspaper in the kingdom points them out every day in the year."

"And you wouldn't punish the swindlers?" asked Celia.

"Certainly not," said Martin.

"But you would be encouraging dishonestly," said Celia.

"Not at all," said Martin. "When I had got all the fools under lock and key there would be no one left to be swindled. The fools—being fools—are useless under any circumstances, and generally a nuisance and an expense to the community. So they are better out of the way. The swindlers being clever men, would have to turn their cleverness to honest account. It's the obvious way to the millennium."

"The worst of it is," I said, "that the fools, being in the majority, make the laws. You remember what Carlyle said: that the population of England——"

"Don't," said Martin. "I had hoped to keep that quotation out of the dis-

cussion. It's no longer new, and it was never true."

"It seems," said Celia, reflectively, "rather an upside-down sort of arrangement. Almost immoral, isn't it? 'Thou shalt not be a fool' is not one of the Commandments, you know."

"Nor," said Martin, "is 'Thou shalt not be a swindler.'"

Celia looked unconvinced.

"What is the quickest way to abolish the drunkard?" said Martin. "Why, to put the bottle where he can't reach it. Similarly if you put away the fool you abolish swindling."

"I'm not so sure," said Celia slowly, as she drew on her gloves, "that I should like everybody to be sensible. It would be rather dull, wouldn't it?"

"Wasn't it Bernard Shaw," I said, "who affirmed that the first condition of progress was the reformer to make a fool of himself? That should encourage you, Martin, to proceed with your scheme."

"Bernard Shaw," said Martin, "is—well—a bit of reformer himself, isn't he? But I think I see what you mean, Mrs. Matthews."

"I mean," said Celia, "that it's such a relief sometimes to be—just silly."

"There's all the difference in the world," said Martin, "between being a born fool and making a fool of yourself—playing the fool, as it were."

"I see," said Celia. "You cannot make a fool of yourself unless you are a sensible person to begin with."

"Precisely," said Martin.

"I wonder why," said Celia, "the first of April is All Fools Day. It seems so funny—coming with Saint's Day and Lent, and all that."

"Oh, it's a compliment to the majority, I suppose," said Martin. "You see we can't all of us be 'saints, apostles, martyrs, virgins.' But we can most of us make fools of ourselves at one time or another."

"Especially with women," I said glancing at Celia, who smiled the smile of an accomplice.

"When are you going to make a fool of yourself?" she said to Martin, as we rose to go.

"Oh, I am too old for that sort of thing," said Martin.

"But," said Celia, "there's no fool like an—"

"Then," said Martin, "I'm afraid I'm not old enough."



# A Living Target

WRITTEN BY HAROLD AVERY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

NEVER before, during the whole period of my early struggles to earn a living by my pen, had I been as nearly "broke"; I had just paid my landlady's weekly bill, and the noble sum of eightpence—a sixpenny piece and two coppers—was all the ready money I possessed in the world.

Messrs. Jones, Robinson and Co.'s reader had reported favourably on my novel, *Shadow and Substance*, and the firm had communicated with me as to terms; but the bargain had not been concluded, and here I found myself one cold winter's night standing on the brink of an abyss.

My old friend Wilcox had a children's party on at his house, and I had promised to look in and assist in entertaining the guests. It had always been a hobby of mine to dabble in conjuring. I possessed the necessary apparatus for performing a good many of the simpler tricks; and Wilcox had asked me to give a short performance for the amusement of the youngsters. I put a few things into a handbag, and started out, little thinking what an extraordinary experience lay before me, and that the question of life or death would soon have to be settled by my amateur skill in legerdemain.

I am fond of children, and had been glad to accept Wilcox's invitation, but as I walked along the brightly-lighted street my heart was as heavy as lead. The idea of borrowing money from friends on no security, or of living in debt, was altogether intolerable to me; I could last out another fortnight on my watch and chain, and after that—well, after that I should probably disappear.

With a crowd of young faces round me I brightened up, and went through my performance in a manner which satisfied my audience, and baffled the sharp eyes of that terrible being to conjure before, the inquisitive small boy.

One trick, that of firing a marked bullet out of a pistol, I decided at the last moment not to perform, fearing that the report might frighten some of the

younger children. I stayed behind after the guests had departed, to smoke a pipe with Wilcox: and it must have been nearly eleven before I started to return home.

Once more alone my thoughts returned to the question of the future: what was to be done? The night was raw and cold: I had had very little supper, and seeing a coffee-stall I determined to expend my two remaining coppers in some light refreshment.

I was standing, with a steaming mug in one hand and a hunch of cake in the other, when a stranger, who was rambling past in an aimless sort of fashion, paused and spoke to me.

"You don't believe in heavy suppers?" he remarked.

"I believe in what I can get," I answered. "A man can't sit down to champagne and oysters when the whole of his private fortune doesn't amount to eightpence."

"O, come!" laughed the stranger, "you don't mean to say you're as hard up as that!"

"I am!" I answered. "Why shouldn't I be?"

I finished my coffee, and, still talking, we strolled slowly down the street. My companion was an elderly man, with a grey moustache. Something about his carriage and bearing caused me to set him down as a retired military officer, and this conjecture I afterwards found to be correct.

"Excuse me," he said, "you are evidently a gentleman. I should have thought that you would have found no difficulty in obtaining employment. Perhaps the want of money you alluded to is only a temporary embarrassment?"

"I wish it were!" I answered. "No, I should be glad to get work of any kind; but I've never yet had the luck to meet anyone who could make use of my services."

The stranger turned suddenly, and tapped me lightly on the shoulder.

"Yes, you have," he said. "It's just



struck me you're the very man I want. Come! Will you give me your assistance? I can afford to pay you well."

"When?"

"To-night."

For a moment we eyed each other in silence; my companion had grown suddenly animated, and his eyes sparkled.

"You can't expect me to give you an answer," I replied, "until I know what it is you want me to do."

"Just so. Well, let me assure you at

feel certain that for the present he will not reveal my secret. I shall not need to detain you for more than twenty minutes, and as to remuneration—what shall we say—five pounds?"

"But I don't see that I could be of any use to you," I answered. "I possess no knowledge of science, nor have I any mechanical skill."

"That doesn't matter; all I want is a man with a pennyweight of pluck."

The last words seemed to have slipped



"YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HEAVY SUPPERS?"

once that it's nothing which any gentleman would hesitate to undertake. The very reason why I make you this proposal is because my assistant must be a man on whose sense of honour I can rely. Threshford is my name, formerly Major in the Royal Artillery, inventor of the Threshford range-finder and the pneumatic bomb. To explain matters in a word, what I require of you is this: I am just perfecting a new invention; before I can pronounce it finished, I want the assistance of another man: someone in whose word I can place sufficient confidence to

unguardedly from his lips: they sounded a trifle ominous.

"Look here!" I asked. "Does it mean running any personal risks?"

"None whatever! You'll be as safe as you are standing here!"

For a few minutes I hesitated; somehow it struck me that the man was telling the truth, or at all events what he believed to be the truth; yet such a liberal offer must mean that there was something behind. In the present state of my fortunes, however, the chance of earning five pounds was not to be let slip; the

money might tide me over my difficulties. I was more than a match for the man physically ; and if I did not like the job I could say so when I saw what was required.

"All right !" I answered. "If I can assist you I will."

"That's right !" answered Threshford. "Stay a moment, and I'll call a cab."

He stopped a hansom and we both got in, I with my little bag of conjuring tricks still in my hand. Threshford gave an address somewhere in the suburbs and offered me a cigar. It was a long drive, and my companion talked rapidly all the time, chiefly on matters connected with the science of gunnery, or the manufacture of explosives and projectiles. The subject was one which I did not understand, but it struck me at the time that some of the Major's theories were unsound, and when he came to explain his pneumatic bomb, I was very much astonished and mystified at the details of its construction.

At length we stopped in front of a deserted-looking little house lying a short distance back from the road.

"I live *en garçon*," remarked Threshford, as he paid the cabman. "This is my house, and at present a room in it serves me for a workshop, or studio, or laboratory, or whatever you like to call it."

There seemed to be no one in the house but ourselves ; the Major struck some wax matches and led the way through the dark hall, up the stairs, and into a room on the right of the landing, where he lit a couple of gas jets. It was a cheerless looking apartment ; there was no carpet on the floor, and the walls were bare ; a table, littered with reels of cotton and odds and ends of cloth, as though some tailor had been at work, stood under the window ; while in the corner furthest from the door was a stand supporting a wooden bust, similar to those used by dressmakers.

"Well !" said the Major, sauvely. "Let us get the most unpleasant part of the business settled first. I presume that I have your promise not to divulge anything you see until you have my permission. Five pounds was, I think, the little honorarium agreed upon—will you oblige me by seeing if that is correct ? Now," he continued, as I finished counting the coins which he had placed in my hand, "will you kindly take off both your coats, and put on this?"

As he spoke he held out an extraordinary-looking garment, which somewhat resembled a very roughly made and thickly padded Norfolk jacket ; the material used seemed to be ordinary sacking ; it was the sort of thing which might have been turned out by a backwoodsman with a bowie-knife for scissors and string for thread.

"The experiments might damage your clothes," remarked Threshford, seeing my look of astonishment. "I won't detain you a moment," he added ; "I'm just going to fetch the rest of the apparatus."

There was nothing sinister in the smile with which he said this, yet something in his face made me feel uneasy, and as he closed the door I cast a nervous glance round the apartment. My eye fell on the wooden bust, and I walked over to examine it. It was covered with little round marks about the size of a three-penny-bit. I looked closer and found they were bullet-holes ! In the same moment I made another discovery, far more startling than the first. The strange garment which I wore had been mended with a score of small patches, and in half a dozen other places there were little holes in the material as though it had been moth-eaten. Then in a single second the whole truth flashed across my mind, and my heart seemed to leap into my throat. It had not been long since the subject of a bullet-proof coat had first been dealt with in all the papers. Threshford was mad : I might have known it by the twaddle he had talked in the cab about his pneumatic bomb, and this piece of rubbish I was wearing was his latest invention. It was useless even as a contribution to the rag-bag, and yet I was to stand up in it to be experimented on as a living target !

My first impulse was to rush from the room, but at that moment the door opened, and the Major entered bearing in his hand a heavy service revolver.

"Look here !" I cried. "I know what you intend to do. I didn't bargain for this, and I won't stand here to be murdered in cold blood !"

"Tush, man !" he answered, raising the weapon : "I'm not going to murder you. The thing's impossible !"

"Put that down !" I cried. "I won't risk it ; you can take back your money !"

The light of madness kindled in his eyes.



"STAND STILL!" HE ROARED

"Come, no nonsense!" he answered angrily. "You agreed to the terms, and you aren't going to back out now. One shot will be all the proof I want, and it'll do you no harm."

"But it will! it's gone through into the wood here in fifty places."

"Stand still!" he roared: "or I won't be answerable for my aim."

your taking the shot, but it must be with a proper target pistol that I have in my bag."

At first he demurred, and then reluctantly gave his consent. I opened my bag and took out my conjuring pistol. The trick is simple enough: a real bullet is shown to the audience, and a bogus one is dropped into the barrel, and then



"FLUNG UP THE SASH AND JUMPED OUT"

He stood between me and the door; it was useless to think of charging him—he would have shot me like a dog. Then suddenly an idea entered my mind.

"One moment," I cried, trying as nearly as I could to imitate my natural tone of voice. "It's not the coat, but the revolver that I doubt; those beastly things always throw high. I don't mind

broken up by the ramrod into a fine harmless powder. He watched me narrowly as I loaded the weapon, holding his own in readiness as though he feared foul play. My hands trembled as I made the exchange: to have dropped the real bullet would have meant death; but he did not notice the deception.

"I wouldn't trust myself in front of an

old muzzle-loader like this," he exclaimed as he took the pistol.

"It's all right," I answered jauntily. "Come as close as you like."

He took aim and fired; the distance could not have been more than six paces, and I pretended to stagger as though from the force of the shock caused by the impact of the shot. He still held the revolver in his left hand.

"It hasn't penetrated," I said, and hurriedly pulled off the coat. I was afraid he would try another shot.

"There!" he cried, "what did I tell you? But stay a moment! where's the bullet?"

"On the ground, I expect," I answered, and made a hasty grab at my overcoat. He went down on his hands and knees, and, seizing the opportunity for escape, I slipped out of the room and groped my way down the stairs and across the hall. At any moment he might discover the trick I had played him, and come after

me, the smouldering fire of his madness fanned into a flame; yet do what I would I could not discover the working of the latch which fastened the front door. Suddenly I heard him shouting: there was a sound of footsteps and a light shone down the staircase. I turned and rushed into a neighbouring room, the door of which I remembered noticing as we entered the house. I saw the faint grey outline of the window, and, rushing to it, I flung up the sash and jumped out. The next thing I remember is dashing wildly down the road, and then hanging to a lamp-post, endeavouring with great gasps to recover the breath which seemed to have forsaken my body for ever.

• • • •

I may mention in closing that Major Threshford is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and is destined to remain there during her Majesty's pleasure.





# Non-Collegiate Students at the Universities

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

## I.—OXFORD

A RECENT letter of Mr. Gladstone's has drawn attention to the position of non-collegiate students at Oxford and Cambridge, and has probably made many people curious as to the exact position of the undergraduates thus described.

To be a member of a college is to incur many expenses that make a University career a heavy drain upon the paternal purse. No one will deny that such a career is more pleasant and more complete if the undergraduate has the advantage of living in college during the greater part of his term. But there are many who must forego the advantages of University training altogether if they were compelled to enter a college, and to them the existence of the non-collegiate system is a boon hardly to be exaggerated.

It was in the late sixties that the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford passed certain regulations as to lodging-houses, and created *delegati ad ædes licentiandas*. To this statute the then Dean of Christ Church, by way of an experiment, tacked on a clause creating a body of *scholares non-ascripti* members of the University and amenable to its discipline, but not attached to any college. The Council passed the clause without a murmur. Yet the effects of the innovation on Oxford were far reaching. It meant that the collegiate system which Archbishop Laud had established some two centuries before was broken through. Oxford, as a whole, did not take kindly to the innovation. At first the non-collegiate system, though not particularly humorous in itself, was a cause of wit in others. However, by October, 1868, it was in full working order. Its beginnings were humble. Eighteen unattached students matriculated under their two stipendiary delegates, one of whom was Rev. G. W. Kitchin, the first censor, now Dean of Durham. They shared with the Keeper of the Archives an apartment in

the old Clarendon Buildings and foraged among the more hospitable of the colleges for their lectures. Yet several of the pioneers of the unattached students, despite a severe handicap, made their mark. One is now a shining legal luminary; another, known to all European *savants* as Professor York Powell, became in due time student of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Modern History, and the most kindly and genial of dons. Many non-collegiate of a later date can remember sympathy and kindness they have received at the hands of their old fellow-student. A third, Mr. R. Lamb Abbott, was destined to become the valued and devoted senior tutor of the non-collegiate students, and, when the gown gave place to the uniform, the major and the backbone of the 'Varsity volunteer corps. Men of my day still talk of the cool heroism with which he used to lead his devoted band of mounted infants, now, I fear me, deceased, then in its full pride of nine men all told, to the fields of Shotover Hill.

From these beginnings the non-collegiate body grew and prospered. The number of undergraduates is now 221, while the total number of names on the books is 458. One reason of the increase is explained by the Delegates in their annual report:

"In view of the recent establishment of the Degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science, the Delegates think it may be useful to call attention to the increasing number of these special students. As far back as April 25, 1871, a statute was passed empowering the Delegacy to admit without the ordinary entrance examination any person satisfying them as to his being 'likely to derive educational advantage from becoming a Matriculated Member of the University.' For fifteen years hardly any candidates were found to avail themselves of the privilege granted by the statute, but during the nine years



NON-COLLEGIATE BUILDINGS  
Photo by Hill and Saunders, Oxford

following Michaelmas Term, 1886, the Delegates admitted 115 persons for different branches of study, not including those who have taken up the subject of music only. Of this number 59 have come from the United Kingdom, 8 from India, 5 from the Colonies, 34 from the United States, and 9 from the continent of Europe. It should be stated that the great majority had been previously trained at Universities or Colleges, and that with very few exceptions they had

already graduated. To specify precisely the subjects chosen for study in each particular case would involve too elaborate a list. For practical purposes it may be sufficient to classify these students in the following divisions :—Literae Humaniores 10, Mathematics 1, Jurisprudence 9, Modern History 1, Theology 82, Natural Science 3, Oriental Studies 3, English 6. While these figures form an accurate return with reference to the subjects in which the students were actually ad-

mitted, it should be clearly understood that their studies have been by no means limited to the departments under which their names were entered. For example,



REV. R. W. M. POPE: CENSOR  
Photo by Hill and Saunders, Oxford

a very large number of theological students have also attended lectures in Philosophy, Political Science, and Political Economy, availing themselves of instruction in Literae Humaniores and in Modern History, but in order to avoid a possible misunderstanding in figures it has appeared convenient to assign them exclusively to the subject which formed their primary reason for connecting themselves with the University."

The old quarters have long been deserted, and we give you a picture of the handsome building in the High Street, adjoining the New Schools, where the body has now its headquarters.

The non-collegiate students have amalgamated clubs, which, though they are by no means well supported, keep a boat upon the river, and have two football teams, and a cricket eleven. There is also a debating society which meets every week in the Common Room of the building, and a Musical Union that occasionally blossoms forth into smoking concerts.

The mainspring of the whole concern is the Censor, the Rev. R. W. M. Pope, D.D., a gentleman who seems to have been chosen out by Providence for the post he has filled since Mr. Jackson became Rector of Exeter. The elements

making up the body over which he presides are of necessity heterogeneous. All sorts and conditions of people become non-collegiate students for one reason or another: some of them very much like the average undergraduate, some of them possessed of aims and ideas entirely remote from his. These diverse elements the Censor, by attaching every member of the body to himself, has welded into a whole, using his personal popularity for the best advantage of the institution he has charge of.

He has the good fortune to possess an excellent memory, and this, added to a faculty of taking an interest in all men's affairs, makes him the ideal head of such a body. There are those of his students—science men, for example—who do not need often to interview him personally in the course of a term, but these find invariably that he has managed to remember not only what they have done in the schools, and what they have yet to do, but also such things as he has been told as to their ambitions for the bigger future that comes after Oxford.

This gift of memory and interest is rare enough to be notable. The present writer, for example, once went with three other undergraduates to breakfast at the house of a Professor who had reported



MR. E. L. ABBOTT: SENIOR TUTOR  
Photo by Hill and Saunders, Oxford

separately on the work of each for a period of three years. They had to be introduced to their hostess, and for a moment the Professor was at a loss: he knew that these four were Brown, Jones,

Smith, and Robinson, but he had not the remotest idea as to which was which. So he got over the difficulty by running off the names in a string, and leaving his wife's quickness of perception to show her which of the four seemed to feel himself referred to at the mention of each individual name.

As to the cost of a career at Oxford as a non-collegiate student the figures given in the Delegates' estimate are quite reliable, if they be read with understanding. Oxford is a place where all the necessities of life as it there is may be had of excellent quality. Lodgings, straw hats, flannels, blazers, boats, and picture-frames are the instances that occur to the memory most readily, and the truth is truest as to lodgings. The fees and dues payable before matriculation amount to £9 1s., and here is what is said as to the cost of living during the Academical year :

"The expense of board and lodging for the eight weeks of term will vary according to the tastes and habits of individuals. With care and economy a sum of 30s. per week will suffice. In some cases the average weekly expenditure has been less, but it would not be prudent for any one to calculate on living

for a smaller sum, unless he has already found by experience that he can reduce his expenses below this limit. The yearly expense of living for three terms (Easter and Trinity Terms being counted together as one) may therefore be reckoned as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Board and Lodging for 24 weeks at 30s. a week ...	36	0	0
University and Delegacy Dues ... ..	6	0	6
Examination Fees (on the average) ... ..	2	2	0
Tuition ... ..	6	6	0
	<hr/>		
	£50	8	6

This estimate does not include travelling, books, clothes, incidental expenses, or cost of living in vacations."

It may be added that the estimate only allows for necessary expenditure. Plenty of men have made this amount suffice, but in Oxford there are as many ways of spending money as there are elsewhere, and there is no place where you get quite such good value for your money. So that the man who has more at his disposal than is allowed for in the above estimate will be sure to find that he needs it.



# Johnson's Boswell

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

**L**EARNING from a source sufficiently credible that the young Scotchman, James Boswell, son and heir to the Laird of Auchinleck, designs some future biography of myself, I have favoured him with a measure of my company and conversation naturally denied to most men of his age. His attainments, without being considerable, are varied, and though the man's garrulity can command neither respect nor admiration, yet there is about him a charm of rude health, high spirits, and good temper which to undervalue or overlook would be at once unreasonable and unfair. His veneration of the writer, if irksome, is genuine: if at times offensive, is consistent. He has not as yet broke to me his intention, but the ambition 'was imparted to others of high repute. Them it is not necessary that I should here distinguish by their several appellations, but one and all inform me that Mr. Boswell, by constant practice and unceasing attention to my utterances in company, has so far schooled his memory to retrace and record with a startling accuracy much of the varied disquisition which is said to fall from me in conversation: together with those aphorisms, similes, apophthegms, new lights, illuminations, and repartees likewise reported as occurring in the substance of my discourse. Whether such a piece as must result from his assiduity is desirable or can be fashioned with art sufficient to justify its existence I shall not presume to determine. Fame, by which is understood the survival of human achievement, must be won by a man's own sweat: but it is idle to imagine that the attention of successive generations can be arrested by the idle elaboration of a daily life from an unknown pen, no matter how minute the record or illustrious the object of it. Be that as it may, with a purpose to prove whether, indeed, it be possible by system and attention to commit a man's trivial actions and utterances to paper, I shall adventure some brief data or memoranda

carried out after the fashion that is reported to be followed by Mr. Boswell against myself. And it is fitting that my own embryo historian should be the subject of such an experiment.

Monday: At Thrale's. After dinner, to which repast Boswell was not invited, he arrived, and, finding a large company about me, thrust himself into the talk without ingenuity and without decorum. Perceiving him to be intoxicated, I endeavoured to silence his alcoholic exuberance with as little occasion for offence to those present as the circumstance allowed. BOSWELL: "And pray, sir, have you dined to your satisfaction?" JOHNSON: "Sir! To thus interrogate a guest before his host and hostess is to write yourself down a mighty ill-bred fellow, and reveal to the company a plentiful lack of good manners and just taste." MRS. THRALE: "The man has abandoned his manners for another cargo." JOHNSON: "Too true, madam." MR. GOLDSMITH: "He has sacrificed his wit to Bacchus, sir." JOHNSON: "Aye, sir; and no divinity within the compass of the classics ever received offering more paltry."—There was laughter at this, and, under cover of it, I essayed to remove Mr. Boswell from a circle that in reality loved him, and was sad before the spectacle of his present lapse; but the man stood, temporarily stripped of reason, naked of proper sense, and unashamed. He turned upon me in a very frenzy of vicious anger. BOSWELL: "You are pleased sir, to—to—make me the target of your el—elephantine pleasantries; but know, sir, that James Boswell of Auchinleck demands an answer to—to—." Here he attempted to draw his sword, and was immediately deprived of that weapon by those present. JOHNSON: "Get thee to bed, Bozzy, and ——" But the sweep and force of the utterance I had designed were interrupted, for the man leapt towards me like an opera dancer. His offensive intention failed of its effect, happily for



him, and, at the very commencement of the onset, he fell over Mrs. Thrale's negro, who was about to hand me coffee and cakes. Ethiopian, Scotchman, cream, sugar, and sweetmeats of a dozen sorts encountered the ground in the very extremity of chaotic confusion. Whereupon Thrale sent men for a coach, and Boswell was presently conveyed from amongst us. JOHNSON: "Now who

and had suffered some temporary discoloration to the cuticle in the region of his right eye. He chose to enlighten me as to the cause, and explained that the men who conveyed him home on the previous night were responsible. BOSWELL: "Chairmen and coachmen always ask too much." JOHNSON: "No, sir, they never ask *me* too much." BOSWELL: "But the exception proves



! "BOSWELL WAS PRESENTLY CONVEYED FROM AMONGST US"

shall dare affirm that my notorious antipathy to the Scotch rests on a mere airy basis of humour, without sufficient incentive and provocation seldom long absent from my elbow?" None of the company took it upon themselves to traverse my utterance or question the justice of my conclusion.

Tuesday: Mr. Boswell waited upon me about noon. He was of pallid aspect,

the rule. If it is a question of weights and measures, you——" JOHNSON (*taking him up sharply*): "Stay, sir! To what a pitiable extremity must he be reduced who thrusts personality upon his argument. Know this, sir: All dead weight is heavier than that which lives; and folly dead drunk must ever cause a chairman more labour than wisdom sober." He made haste to assure me

that he had intended no impertinent allusion; and he proceeded to deplore his conduct on the preceding evening with such humility and regret that my choler subsided. JOHNSON: "Alas! sir, if regret could but banish the consequences of folly! But religion testifies and experience proves that no ill deed escapes from due exaction of penalty." BOSWELL: "I visit Mrs. Thrale's anon to express the utmost sorrow for my conduct." JOHNSON: "Do so, sir." BOSWELL: "And yet, dear sir, if you consider, there appears nothing very singular in the course which I pursued. What gentleman of quality can say he has never been the worse for good wine? And who is there would wish so to declare, even if he could?" JOHNSON: "This is not regret for an offence, but rather a rebellious attempt to palliate it." BOSWELL: "Then I will never drink wine again, if you so advise me." JOHNSON: "Sir, this is the puerile irresponsibility of a babbling infant. Yet, if years be the standard by which we estimate your age, you are no longer a child. At least I am not your schoolmaster." BOSWELL: "I would you had been, sir, then I should have been a wiser man." JOHNSON: "I know not that, but you might have been a sorer boy." BOSWELL: "Nay, sir, chide no more. I am heartily sorry for my misdeeds, and my punishment is severe enough, for it chiefly lies in the thought that I have given you pain." JOHNSON: "Only the pain, sir, of seeing my own species reduced below the level of those lower orders of beasts whose control was given to humanity at creation." He proceeded to whine about the profound depression of his spirits and the particular depths of misery in which he always discovered himself to be plunged after consciousness of having played the fool in a public place. JOHNSON: "Repetition will blunt the edge of most emotions. If folly publicly displayed occasions you such uneasiness, you should be accustomed by this time to the mental condition you describe. But I will scold no more. Come, sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." BOSWELL: "It rains, sir." JOHNSON: "What then, sir? Does too much wine make a man afraid of water?" We walked out to the tavern known as "The Cheshire Cheese," and it afforded me some entertainment to observe, despite his recent utterances, that Mr. Boswell's

first mandate to the drawer was a pint of red wine. We ate of veal and prunes, and during the progress of our repast he invited me to express an opinion on a certain individual who enjoyed high office as the result of interest rather than merit. JOHNSON: "Sir, I entertain no opinion of him." BOSWELL: "Is that to say, sir, that you hold a bad opinion of him?" JOHNSON: "No, sir; it is not. Had I held him in bad opinion, I should have so expressed myself. To entertain no opinion of a man is to deny the mind all consideration of him." He left me soon afterwards, but had evidently forgotten his penitential visit to Mrs. Thrale. I, however, restored the matter to his memory, and he thanked me with effusion and went his way.

Wednesday: He called and drank tea with Mrs. Williams and me. The propinquity of my cat evidently occasioned him some discomfort, and I reproved him. JOHNSON: "How vain is it in you, sir, to let a poor dumb beast effect your ease and interfere with your comfort." BOSWELL: "But it is *not* dumb, sir; it mews and shows in a dozen ways that it desires my friendship." JOHNSON: "Why, then, deny it such a simple boon? If the cat is worthy of the intimacy of Samuel Johnson, surely James Boswell need not scorn its society." MRS. WILLIAMS: "I'll wager you know many bigger rascals, Mr. Boswell." JOHNSON: "Nay, madam, we are not concerned with morals, but breeding. This cat is a gentleman. After a friendship extending over a considerable portion of his life, and no small fraction of my own, I find that the epithet of 'gentleman' may be bestowed upon him without offence to truth. He can hold his peace, and he never bores me with ill-timed reflections on human or feline affairs." Boswell, though the condition is rare with him, was moody, a state into which the presence of my harmless tabby hath aforetime thrown him. He either failed to appreciate my humorous treatment of the beast and sly allusion to himself, or, of set purpose, overlooked both. Such conduct in my presence is unlike him, for though apt to hold his place in most conversation, and ready enough with comment and quotation (of a sort usually obvious enough to scarce escape the charge of superfluity), yet he willingly suffers occultation in my presence, and rarely exhibits to my observation any

mood other than one of obsequious reverence and studious attention. Upon my dismissal of the cat to that private or nocturnal phase of his career which he conceals from his master, yet which is scarcely of such an esoteric nature but that the flight of human imagination create a phantasmagorial image of it, Boswell recovered a little of his cus-

so exuberant, so superlative, so volatile, while a mild tonic, viewed on level ground and clothed after the modes prescribed by a high civilisation, must have become at once intoxicating, bewildering and, perhaps, disgusting, if displayed, as he suggested, within the barbarous circumference of a Highlander's petticoat upon some conspicuous elevation in the



"A PINT OF RED WINE"

tomary high spirit. He pressed me as usual to accompany him on a journey to the Islands of the Hebrides, and expatiated, not without elegance, on their savage situation and the ferocity and nobility of Nature as there exhibited. BOSWELL: "You must see me kilted on the mountain-tops, sir." JOHNSON: "If that is your primary inducement to the enterprise I would as willingly remain in town." Truly the spectacle of this man,

Isles of Skye or Mull. He talked of various matters, uttered no word whose original wisdom or exceptional idiocy rendered it worthy of commemoration and then took his leave.

Thursday: I saw nothing of Mr. Boswell, and was none the worse.

Friday: He carried me to Drury Lane Theatre, where Mr. Garrick was playing to an audience of the scantiest possible dimensions. The piece, a wretched one

accounted for this, and we witnessed it upon the final evening of its representation. Langton and Beauclerk joined us in the pit, and Boswell loudly animadverted on Garrick's lack of perspicuity in lending his genius to such a poor poet. I pointed out that, so far as Garrick was concerned, the piece was very well, in that he had the lion's share of the heroic passages, and, indeed, all that there was worthy an actor's attention. JOHNSON: "His ability lends a meretricious significance to a creation which, if examined in the closet, would be found poverty-stricken as to ideas, futile and faulty as to construction, and remote from art or nature as truth is remote from falsehood." Forgetting that we were in a public place, I made this assertion with greater sonority of intonation than the occasion demanded; and some child in the gallery flung a semi-devoured orange, which was unquestionably designed for myself, but struck Mr. Boswell. BOSWELL: "Zounds! This passes belief, that a clown should dare—I will go up this instant and chastise the rascal!" JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, he was in the right. He has paid, as we have, for his entertainment; and be it noted that the fellow expended his money in order to obtain a view and enjoy a hearing of Mr. Garrick, not you." BOSWELL: "He meant to hit you, sir; that is what enrages me." JOHNSON: "Aye, and had the correctness of his aim equalled the ardour of his just indignation, I——" BEAUCLERK (*Interrupting me*): "Nay, sir; let me pray silence. The players are bending sour looks upon us." JOHNSON: "They have reason on their side. Silence! Silence!" We then turned our attention to the drama, followed tragic circumstances of death and disaster with all proper sobriety of demeanour, and, upon the completion of the act, went within the precincts of the stage to see Mr. Garrick. I observed without difficulty that he suffered from a mighty ill-humour: and, indeed, his first remark, addressed to myself, left us in no doubt as to his irascibility. GARRICK: "You are to know, Dr. Johnson, that people come to my theatre to see *me*." JOHNSON (*smiling*): "Nay, Davy, not always." This allusion to the extremely slender proportions of his audience was not taken in that spirit best calculated to lessen the force of the jest. To state the player's

exact reply appears unnecessary; let it suffice when I assert that Mr. Garrick was rude. But a worse concatenation of events followed. Mr. Boswell came upon us at this moment, from some interchange of civility with one of the ladies of the stage; and with ill-timed pleasantry, very characteristic of his bad judgment in matters of taste, jested openly upon the poor audience and wondered what might be its financial equivalent. To say that Mr. Garrick surprised Mr. Boswell by the vigour and fire of his retort would be to state too mildly the case. The tragedian assuming a look of extreme ferocity, bid Mr. Boswell henceforth mind his business and never again dare to present his person behind the scenes before he was bidden. BOSWELL: "This is unmannerly, sir; I did but jest." JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, a quip levelled at the private concerns of an individual, a jest which depends for its point on another's ill-luck in the affairs of his business or profession, is not of that humour which a gentleman should at any time permit himself. Enough of this. Mr. Garrick is right and you are wrong." Mr. BOSWELL (*permitting his anger to assert a regrettable supremacy over him*): "Damn it, I am always wrong." JOHNSON: "Then, sir, mend your obstinate persistency in error and strive to be sometimes right; and know also that an oath has an ill sound always, and never more so than when uttered in the company of those whose position or piety——" Here the business of the stage demanded our sudden silence and departure. We were, in fact, hustled from our place with an abruptness which cut the thread of my discourse. What thereupon became of Mr. Boswell I know not. For myself I returned no more to the auditorium, but left the theatre and returned home alone. Upon ulterior consideration I perceived that I had erred and took an early occasion of acquainting both Garrick and Boswell of that fact; and I accompanied the information with those expressions of regret proper to it.

Friday: We took dinner at the house of a worthy silk mercer. The company was in no sense literary or intellectual. Talk indeed we had, but conversation if reduced to a monologue perforce perishes. Boswell broke a lance or two with me for the benefit of those present; but there was no man there of a calibre to awaken my interest, no opposing material of a

surface tough enough to rub a spark from me. We returned in a chaise and Boswell appeared so elated that I asked him the reason of his high spirits. BOSWELL: "Well, sir, I have rarely enjoyed conversation so much." JOHNSON: "Words were uttered, even to weariness, but I heard no conversation." BOSWELL: "Why, sir, they hung on your every utterance." JOHNSON: "Aye, as they

the other side and so turn my victory into defeat."

He came with me to my dwelling and we sat late, for he was about to return to Scotland, and there seemed no probability of another meeting between us for extended periods of time. As the moment of our parting approached Mr. Boswell relapsed into silence and sighs. JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, have done with these



"SURPRISED HIM BY THE VIGOUR OF HIS RETORT"

would hang on the actions of a contortionist, of a rope dancer, or the voice of an Italian singer." BOSWELL: "True, there was nothing to call out *your* powers." JOHNSON: "No, sir." BOSWELL: "Yet I found myself talking a great deal and confuting the city people with ease." JOHNSON: "If it lay within your power to confute them, there can have existed but little need for me to speak." BOSWELL: "But I am glad you did not oftener take

futile expressions of an artificial emotion. We have enjoyed each the society of the other, and now the tide of human affairs renders a parting of greater or less duration necessary between us. Heed your business; recollect the advantages of your education, the exactions consequent on your position, and the duty you owe to your God, your father, and your king. Write as the occasion serves, but let me have no more unmanly outbursts of imaginary low spirits or



simulated misery. You are as yet young, and the world lies before you; seek, therefore, to be contented; remember your friends, and be grateful for small mercies. These precepts, duly followed, will rob evil of half its sting, will fortify your soul against the world, and enable you, with a mind conscious of right, to look your fellows in the face and fear no man. Now farewell." He made a reply, which combined expressions of regard and an incoherent assembly of ill-assorted adjectives. He then pressed my hand fervently, and went upon his way.

Whether I shall see the man again is known alone to the Mysterious Contriver of human meetings and partings. There is much good in him; he hath fair measure of scholarship, and a heart not readily turned to ill. Small indeed he must be confessed, but against his limitation of mind and narrowness of horizon may be set a busy, bustling, inquiring spirit, not apt to be offended, and not readily rushing into enmity. He has, despite his frivolous affectation of gloom,

the cheerfulness of a canary; and may, indeed, be likened to that spritely songster at many points. There is a riotous joy of life in him, as in the bird, which, exhibited even in a caged fowl at all seasons, becomes irritating, if not disgusting, but which, displayed in a human creature, must cause first amazement, then annoyance, and finally contempt. That he will have the energy and industry to complete and publish such a life of me as my friends have declared he designs is difficult to believe; while as for my own hasty annotations of a week in the society of Mr. Boswell, they may well terminate upon this page. And as the subsequent perusal of such a trifle would give neither pleasure nor edification to my fellows, this idle fragment shall now be relegated to the recesses of my waste-paper basket or the inflammatory embraces of my fire.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Johnson doubtless selected the waste-paper basket; hence our ability to publish this unknown fragment from his Titan pen.



FIRST RUSTIC: "DO THAT AGAIN! MY MATE DIDN'T SEE YOU"

DRAWN BY G. ROLFE



## HARBINGERS OF SPRING

---

*Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.*

**T**O be less vague as to location, my garden is well within the four-mile radius, and probably none save myself would deem it a place of delight. It is but an ordinary London back-patch, brick-bound, and, to the casual eye, forlorn and dreary half the year. Exactly measured it may be little more than fifty feet in length, by thirty in breadth. Yet to me it has no limit: it stretches upwards to the skies, annexing the moon and the stars; while it reaches westward until it owns the sunsets. It crosses the cramping brick walls and takes in the beautiful pleasure-grounds of our neighbour and friend: his noble trees are almost ours; we enjoy the fragrance of his mignonette, and rejoice when his tall lilacs bear a heavier blossom than usual. When, on summer afternoons, we take tea on our balcony, it is his trees that insure our seclusion; and the liquid plash of his fountain falls refreshingly on our ears. And has not Babs, in the character of a ship-wrecked sailor, drifted thousands of miles over our narrow gravel walk in a packing-case, his sole provisions being chocolate creams and lemonade? Time fails me to tell how often he has been Robinson Crusoe with the lawn for desert-island, and the cat for Man Friday. But to return to our limitations. It was only after certain untoward experiences of the jobbing gardener that we awoke to a sense of the charming possibilities that even the circumscribed area of a town garden holds for loving workers. Of course, we did not learn this till we had resolutely

discarded the services of the professional distractor.

The London nurseryman is the enemy of individuality. He has but one faith, and that is ribbon gardening. Experience has taught him that it is less conducive to brain-fag, and also that it pays better to arrange all the gardens under his guardianship in uniform style. In spring he likes them to reveal trim, uninteresting lines of red, white, and blue hyacinths, with perhaps an edging of yellow crocus. Once this efflorescence is over, he digs up the bulbs and carries them off—the owner of the garden being probably unaware that, left in the ground or dried and replanted later, these same bulbs would bloom another season—and refills the beds with scarlet geraniums, with a garnish of blue lobelia, or arranges a symphony of yellow calceolarias and white marguerites. Should he be a man of exceptional originality of mind, he may add fuchsias, or induce you to order begonias, but rarely do his wildest ideas soar above the three primary bedding plants. Doubtless his favourite arrangement looks neat and gives little trouble, but when ninety out of every hundred gardens are bedecked alike, the soul not wholly commonplace yearns for a little variety.

When we took possession of our garden its aspect was distinctly depressing. A shabby-genteel shrub graced the centre of a neglected lawn that was encircled by a moss-grown walk, in its turn surrounded by barren flower borders. The brick walls facing east and west, and

the sunny back of the house, were festooned with vines, which, though merely wearing the aspect of withered sticks in winter, never fail to clothe the bricks and mortar with a luxuriant leafage in summer. Despite their age, they put forth annually pretty little bunches of sour, half-wild grapes, a fruit that even the daring of boyhood, as exemplified in Babs, lacks courage to attack. Some former tenant of sanguine temperament had long ago planted four fruit-trees on the edge of the grass, cherry, plum, pear, and apple. Being over-shadowed they bloom but scantily. Still the plum-tree in the corner obligingly nets its branches into a bower-like shade, and every second year the dauntless apple-tree proudly bears several scores of apples, presumably resting from its labours every alternate season. I cannot truthfully declare that the fruit at its ripest is aught but green and woody; or that cook's well-intentioned attempt to convert it to edible form by slow simmering in syrup was other than a ghastly failure. Yet the pink and white blossoms with radiant gold hearts are lovely against the clear sunny sky that even London boasts in early May. And the fruit on the straggling branches has quite a decorative effect among the russet autumn foliage.

The local nurseryman whom I summoned in consultation on our first arrival, after hinting at the advisability of certain improvements, such as returfing the lawn, or pulling down our conservatory and building a greater, looked critically at the soil in the borders.

"This earth seems a bit poor. I think you'd better have a load of manure put on, m'," he observed with the air of an oracle.

"Do you really think so?" I hazarded timidly. "I thought it looked very heavy and rich."

Scooping up a handful he examined it carefully. "Well, yes, so it is," he murmured. "Then you'd better have some sand dug in." Which showed the precise value of his opinion.

Well, during that first season, the nurseryman and his satellites had their will of my garden. They mowed and rolled and potted to an exasperating extent. The place never seemed quite free from their paralysing presence. I knew not the moment some slouching

man might invade the precincts. One evening, after an unhappy day spent in fascinatedly watching two ancient-mariner-like men doddering about "tidying up"—uprooting in their progress a little orange-tree Babs had grown from a pip, and digging away all trace of certain promising seedlings of my own—it suddenly occurred to me that if these men could learn the art of horticulture, surely I could do the same, and that I might do the gardening myself in future. It was a bold resolve, and one involving many blunders in the early stages. Now I can confidently affirm that there is no easier science in the elementary stages, nor one more engrossing when achieved. At first, of course, I purchased endless flowers in pots—things grown in hot-houses that, planted out, made haste to wilt away. I tried to grow delicate things from seed, and got them to blooming-point just as the first frost arrived to blight them. I experimented with flowers that grew weedy and plants that spindled, and learned that, after all, experience is the most thorough teacher.

As I write, the aspect of my garden has changed. The bleak north wall is comfortably clad with Irish ivy, and the bare border at its base is transformed into a flourishing rockery, and many daffodils, which seem just as willing to scent urban winds as any other, illumine the darkest and shadiest corners. The melancholy shrub has abdicated in favour of a good-sized flower bed, wherein a mass of pink hyacinths is beginning to show colour. The broad edging of scillas is already in bloom, and will throw up fresh sprays of its azure flowers for a month longer; while the wallflower plots that intersect the hyacinths, having flourished during the mild winter, give promise of abundant beauty.

When these have passed and gone the bulbs will be lifted, and left covered with earth in a corner to ripen, and the bed refilled with ferns and blue Canterbury bells, a cluster of rose-coloured hollyhocks being set in the centre to give height to the arrangement. Once Babs and I take those rambles among country lanes that are our delight in April: we will explore the byeways in search of foxgloves, which will succeed the Canterbury bells, and even bloom freely in the gloomiest corners of the rockery. The most beautiful of all the flowers that consent gracefully to be-

come town belles is the tall Madonna lily, the grand old white lily blooming in June. Many amateurs fail to grow it, not knowing that, unlike other lilies, it must be established in its winter quarters before the end of August. Planted then it promptly sends up a tuft of bright green leaves, which remain verdant through the most severe weather. This sweet lily is cheap in price: it multiplies marvellously, and save that it relishes a little fresh soil placed round its roots occasionally, craves no manner of attention, but it must be planted early.

The broad flower border occupying the sunny end of the lawn is full of tender green things all eager to disclose their coming beauties. Here it was that the dragon tulips and the Shirley poppies made so brave a show last summer. Only the crocuses—yellow, purple, and white—are on view now, but different species of narcissii are pointing sharp, green buds heavenwards. The auriculas are tentatively unfolding their powdered heads: even the three new

rose-bushes are timidly advancing tiny scarlet shoots to meet the March winds. In the side borders where the sunflowers rear tall heads in autumn, the late tulips and peonies having pierced the ground are growing apace. The warm nook under the south wall of the house, snugly sheltered too by the overhanging balcony, was early aglow. First, greatly daring, came the winter aconites with their miniature gold cups, then followed closely the frail snowdrops. Now there are glowing clusters of orange crocus, and clumps of blue and red hyacinths, with sundry polyanthus-narcissii overtopping their lowly stature.

In our neighbour's pleasure a majestic black poplar displays his rich array of golden tassels. From amongst the fairy-like bloom of an almond-tree in the corner, a thrush is trilling melodiously, and Our Quiet Friend has just brought us a bunch of velvety willow catkins. Yes: Spring has come at last.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



## The Fashions of the Month

---

THE weather this spring has not been encouraging for the production of spring garments, and tailor-made gowns are almost the only things one has had any excuse for wearing. Shoolbred shows a very pretty costume simple in design yet sufficiently decorative to be suitable for almost any occasion. It is a coat and skirt in fawn-coloured cloth. The coat is a half-length one, with square fronts, a slit up the back, and two buttons below the waist. The novelty of the costume consists in the bolero of the same material that forms the bodice of this coat. It is covered with rich and tasteful embroidery in shaded silks and beads, and is at once quiet and distinguished. With a hat of rough moss-green straw, trimmed with richly-tinted wallflower and green satin ribbon, this dress looks very well. Another idea of Messrs. Shoolbred's is a cape and skirt in a small black and white check. The cape fits close to the body behind, and is finished off with a sash of broad black satin ribbon whose ends fall over the skirt behind. Knots of black satin ribbon on the shoulders and at the back of the neck finish off the cape. With this cape and skirt a blouse of black surah trimmed with tiny frills edged with butter-coloured Valenciennes would look well, and a stiff white collar and red satin stock (the genuine old-fashioned stock of early Victorian days) would appropriately complete it at the neck. Add to these a hat of poppy-red straw trimmed with poppy-red roses and a black satin *en tout cas* lined with poppy red, and you have a cheerful and useful costume for all varieties of spring weather.

Messrs. Jay are showing some very pretty and smart walking costumes. One, in pale grey cloth, has a coquettish little Eton jacket cut into tabs behind and trimmed with several rows of grey satin ribbon, which follow the curves of the tabs. The skirt is plain except for a

series of square tabs which form a sort of basque, and are divided from the zouave by a folded grey satin belt. The shape of the zouave is particularly good, and they have copied it in velvet and cloth trimmed with braid. Another pretty spring costume of theirs is in a heliotrope and white checked canvas trimmed with white braid. There are rows of braid running round the hem and up the front of the skirt. This also has a very original zouave. It is cut away at the neck with revers, and then almost meets above the waist, the fronts being trimmed with white braid and pearl buttons. It is worn with a front of fine white silk muslin trimmed with yellow lace. A green cloth coat and skirt is trimmed with black braid. There are vertical lines of braid on the coat that approach each other at the waist. An Eton jacket of fine blue cloth is worn with a white satin shirt box-pleated in front and a rough check skirt with a little crimson in it. The revers of the zouave are cut out in quaint conventional curves.

Our first illustration shows a very pretty blue serge gown trimmed with black and gold braid and worn with a vest of pale green chiffon. The quaint Tam-o'-Shanter toque is of blue and green shot silk with black plumes and a bit of gold passementerie round the crown. The high collar and bow in front are of moss-green velvet. Here also one may note the almost universal bolero and the tightness of the sleeve relieved by the capelets on the shoulders.

For these tailor-made gowns our readers will find no better material than pure-wool Irish homespuns, such as are made and sold by Hamilton and Co., Port Rush. They are all hand-made, but the firm also sells a variety of excellent suitings and costume tweeds woven on Irish looms. The colours of these homespuns are charming: there is a tint of the moorland and the bog about

\* \* Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyerie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.





SEER GOWN

them, and they are a pleasant change from the inartistic aniline dyes too popular nowadays. There is a pretty clean, cool, homespun in pale grey tints which would make excellent spring dresses. For a girl at school a dress of this, relieved, perhaps, by a ruby velvet bolero, would be pretty, warm, and durable. A charming suiting in a sort of bird's egg blue, mixed with fawn, has been

chosen by the Duchess of York, and the scarlet serge of this firm is splendid in texture and delightful in colour.

Our second illustration gives an excellent model for a velveteen blouse, than which nothing is more useful for a cold spring day, when one wishes to look fresh and bright and yet be warm. The one in our illustration is green, and is ornamented with a fine green and gold



FOR THE SPRING

braid. The front is of fine yellow lace, the skirt of green cloth, and the hat is of coarse green straw, with a crown covered with pink and red shaded roses. There are Paradise plumes at one side, and green ribbons at the other.

A pretty blouse in green shot silk has a box-pleat in front and behind of close, fine guipure over white silk, and a folded

belt of vivid rose pink moiré velvet. On either side the box-pleat, back and front, and down the outside of the sleeve, there is a pretty device of narrow black ribbon velvet, twisted back and forward after the military fashion. Another blouse, of black chiffon, with full bishop's sleeves that are a mass of the tiniest tucks, has a bolero of black silk, whose

# BOVRIL LIMITED, LONDON.

---

## *Food Specialists*

AND CONTRACTORS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

## *Caterers*

FOR ALL RECENT MILITARY AND ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

## *Purveyors*

TO THE HOSPITALS AND MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS

---

### BRITISH BRANCHES:

#### MANCHESTER.

LIVERPOOL.

BIRMINGHAM.

NEWCASTLE.

EDINBURGH.

HULL.

LEEDS.

GLASGOW.

DUBLIN.

BELFAST.

---

### TRUSTEES:

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

The Right Hon. EARL DE LA WARR.

### DIRECTORS:

The Right Honble. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D., Chairman.

J. LAWSON JOHNSTON, Vice-Chairman.

VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, C.B., Director L.B. and S.C. Railway.

SIR EDMUND COMMERELL, V.C., G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet.

Dr. FARQUHARSON, M.P.

FREDERICK GORDON, Chairman, Gordon Hotels Limited.

G. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

ANDREW WALKER, Managing Director.

---

### CONSULTING CHEMIST:

PROFESSOR FRANKLAND, D.C.L., F.I.C., Corr. Mem. French Inst.



EVENING BODICE

fronts are scalloped like a shell, the markings being reproduced horizontally by gold cord.

Our third illustration shows a very pretty chiffon evening bodice of the palest pink, trimmed with creamy lace and pearls. It has, of course, the inevitable rucked, transparent sleeve, and the waistband is of rose-pink glacé ribbon.

Red hats seem likely to be very popular this spring. Red and black

have been done to death, but the new red is a poppy-red, and is trimmed entirely with ribbons and flowers of the same shade. A pretty hat is one made of silver tricotine covered with black net, with a bunch of cherries and green leaves on the top of the crown. A black crinoline hat jetted with black sequins is turned up sharp behind, with a bunch of yellow roses and black Paradise plumes. Another bunch of yellow roses lies on the top of the

MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

10/6

Allen Foster &amp; Co

10/6

## HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

ACKNOWLEDGED BY THOUSANDS OF DELIGHTED PURCHASERS TO BE

THE VERY BEST HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES  
ever offered to the Public.Made in the Allen Foster SPECIALITE SERGE,  
renowned for its durability and wear.  
COLORS: Black, Navy, Electric Blue, Myrtle,  
Brown, Bronze - Green, Ruby, Fawn, Drab,  
Cinnamon, &c.Design No. 340 consists of a stylish open-fronted  
jacket, with velvet welted collar and fashion-  
ably cut skirt—an attractive costume.Design No. 100 has a bodice shaped to the  
figure, the lappels are prettily trimmed with  
braid and large buttons—a marvellous Half-  
Guinea's worth.Design  
No. 340.Design  
No. 100.PRICE COMPLETE 10/6  
SKIRT ONLY 5/6.Regular Stock Sizes are 34, 36, and 38in. round  
bust, under arms. The Skirts being 38, 40,  
and 42in. long in front. Larger or Special  
Sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra.ALLEN FOSTER & CO., also recommend their  
New Eton Costume and Fashionable Walking  
Suits from 12/6 and upwards.Each Costume securely packed and sent  
carriage paid 9d. extra. Skirt only, 6d. extra.  
Children's Dresses from 1/6 each. When  
ordering please mention this paper.WRITE  
FOR PATTERNS.PATTERNS & SKETCHES  
POST FREE.

Allen Foster &amp; Co., The London Manufacturers, 17, Roscoe St., London, E.C.

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY.

## ALLEN FOSTER &amp; CO.'S

SUPERIOR

## LONDON-MADE COSTUMES

from HALF-A-GUINEA to 25/-

are utterly Unrivalled all the  
World Over.

ETON COSTUMES

LADIES' WALKING SUITS

CYCLING COSTUMES

CHESTERFIELD COSTUMES

COSTUME SKIRTS

MAIDS' DRESSES

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES  
from 1/6 each

DRESS LENGTHS

Design No. 366 is a charming Costume made  
in the Allen Foster Specialite Serge—  
all colours. The bodice has a pretty pleated  
front and tastefully trimmed with velvet and  
small buttons. The bodice and sleeves are  
lined through—the skirt cut full and fashion-  
ably. Costume complete, 13/6.Design No. 328 has very stylish revers filled  
in with braid and edged with velvet, cuffs to  
match—velvet collar. The bodice  
is shaped to the figure. The skirt  
is cut full. Made in the Special-  
ite Serge. Price Complete  
18/6.Any design of costume in our  
Specialite Serge can be or-  
dered in our New Venetian  
Cloth for 3/- extra. Each cos-  
tume securely packed and sent  
carriage paid 9d. extra.When ordering please mention  
The Ludgate.

Design No. 328. 18/6



Design No. 366. 13/6

ALLEN FOSTER &amp; CO., The London Manufacturers, 17, ROSCOE STREET, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.



crown, and the Paradise plumes mount guard between.

A pretty shade for spring is that which comes midway between blue and mauve, the colour, in fact, of a "blue" hyacinth. A straw of this trimmed with soft silk and crêpe, the same colour, relieved only by a bunch of primulas, is both delicate and dainty.

The newest fans are small and glittering, and the universal sequin sparkles everywhere. The passion for boleros gives an opportunity for displaying pretty belts. A narrow band of leather, with open-work metal-work set with jewels

above it, looks well. Grey lizard leather under a quaintly fashioned open-work of oxidised silver set with large opals goes with many things, and green crocodile leather covered with silver and turquoises is very individual.

The foundation of everything, however, is a good corset, and an excellent one is the P. and S., whose special feature is the new rustless stiffener called "zairod," which they use instead of steel. Certainly there is no more corroding care than a rusted steel, and we cannot but be grateful to the P. and S. for doing away with it.



**ROBINSON & CLEAVER**

BELFAST, AND

170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890;  
Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.**CAMBRIC**"Their Irish Cambrics have a world-wide fame."—*The Quiver*.**POCKET**Children's, 1/3; Ladies', 2/3;  
Gents', 3/3 per doz. Hemstitched:  
Ladies', 2/9; Gents', 3/11 per doz.Illustrated  
Price Lists  
Post Free.**HANDKERCHIEFS.****IRISH**Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.; Dinner Napkins,  
5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11;  
2½ by 3 yds., 5/11 each; Kitchen Table Cloths,  
11½d. each. Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds.  
wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 3½d. per yard. Sur-  
plice Linen, 7d. per yard.Samples  
Post Free.**DAMASK**Linen Dusters, 3/3;  
Glass Cloths, 4/6 per doz.  
Fine Linens and Linen

Diaper, 8½d. per yard. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.

**TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.****LINEN COLLARS,**Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6  
per doz. Gents', 4-fold,  
4/11 per doz.Cuffs from 5/11 per  
doz. Matchless  
Shirts, best quality,  
Long-cloth, with  
4-fold Linen Fronts and**CUFFS & SHIRTS.**Cuffs, 35/6 the half-down (to measure,  
2/- extra).N.B.—To prevent delay, all letter orders & enquiries  
for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.Appointments to the Queen  
and the Empress Frederick of Germany.**WARRANTED PURE****COLMAN'S  
STARCH**

USE ONLY

**BRITISH STARCH**

IT IS THE BEST.

6d. Packets &amp; ½ lb. Tins 7d.

**COCEL  
EXCOA****COMPAGNIE FRANCAISE.**

Purveyors to

H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.

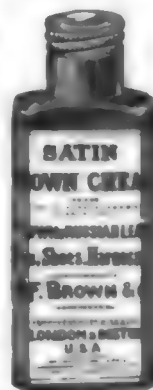
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

**£10,000 REWARD!**See conditions in every Packet  
and Tin.Delicious, Aromatic, Dietetic,  
Sustaining. — *Vide* ANALYSTS.  
LONDON WORKS, BERMUNDSLEY, S.E.**GINGER WINE****MADE  
AT  
HOME  
WITH****NON-ALCOHOLIC**

FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES

**MASON'S  
GINGER WINE ESSENCE**A Six-ounce Bottle will, in six minutes, make sixty  
glasses of Delicious Non-alcoholic Wine.**MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS** for making  
Delicious Non-intoxicating Beer. A 6d. Bottle makes  
8 Gallons. Sample Bottle, 9 stamps, or a Sample  
of both Post Free for 16 stamps. Agents Wanted.**NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.****MASON'S (NOTTINGHAM)  
COFFEE ESSENCE.**  
(THE BEST MADE)**SATIN POLISH**Is unequalled for Ladies' and Children's  
Boots and Shoes, Hand and Travelling  
Bags, Trunks, Harness, and all Black  
Leather Goods.

It is not a Spirit Varnish, &amp; will not injure the Leather.

**SATIN BROWN CREAM**For cleaning and polishing Brown Boots and  
Shoes of all kinds.**SATIN WHITE and BLACK CREAMS**For improving all kinds of Patent Leather and  
Glace Kid.**MAGIC BRONZE**Gives to Old Boots  
and Shoes,  
Ornaments, etc.,  
the appearance of  
new.**ARMY & NAVY  
LIQUID  
BLACKING**Gives a Brilliant Jet  
Black Polish quickly.**GLYCOLA****FOR  
CHAPPED  
HANDS.**GLYCOLA CREAM neither sticky nor greasy; does not show.  
Cures cracked hands, chaps, roughness, redness, and chafed skin.  
Used and praised all over the world. 6d., 1/-, and 2/6 per bottle.  
Direct 6d., 1/3, and 2/6.

Sold Everywhere.

GLYCOLA TOILET SOAP contains all the beneficial qualities  
of Glycerin Cream. Softens hard water. An Ideal Toilet Soap.

6d. per tablet. 1/6 per box.

GLYCOLA FAMILY SOAP. Perfection of Soap at a moder-  
ate price. Softens hard water. Improves skin and complexion.  
6d. per tablet; 1/- per box of three. Sold Everywhere.N.B.—If Glycola Cream Soap and Tooth Powder be used, a Perfect Toilet Comfort is secured. All orders for 3/- worth of goods and upwards, Post  
FREE. T. J. CLARK, The Laboratory, Crouch End, London, N.



"Take  
Beecham's  
Pills"

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

**BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,**

SUCH AS

**Sick Headache, Constipation,  
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,  
Disordered Liver and Female Ailments.**

**OVER 6,000,000 BOXES SOLD YEARLY.**

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR—

**THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.**

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

# The LUDGATE

No. 13.—Vol. III. (New Series) NOV., '96. Price Sixpence

## CADBURY'S COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.

NO ALKALIES USED  
(As in many of the Dutch Cocos).

"The standard of highest purity at present attainable."—LANCET.

## EPILEPTIC FITS.

TRENCH'S REMEDY.

Write to Manager for Pamphlet and Consultation Form.

THE REMEDY DEPOT, 33, S. FREDERICK ST., DUBLIN.

### BRITISH WORKMAN'S & GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

Established in 1866. CHIEF OFFICES—Birmingham; LONDON CITY OFFICES—West St., Finsbury Pavement. District and Branch Offices throughout London and the Provinces. A complete History free by post on application.

ORDINARY AND INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE.  
Noirksome Restrictions; Liberal Terms; Surrender Values; Prompt Settlements; Annual Income, £438,250.

Chairman—JOHN C. FOWKE.  
Managing Director—HENRY PORT

### WORTH KNOWING.

"I've wandered much this weary mortal round, and Sage Experience bids me this declare."

## THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S

IS

The LIFE OFFICE of the PEOPLE.

GOLD MEDAL, Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition, 1896, for PURITY and EXCELLENCE.

# THE NEW VINEGAR

VICTORIA DATE VINEGAR.—An Entirely New Vinegar of Delicious Flavour and Aroma, made from Dates, and pronounced by experts in Culinary matters superior to Malt or Wine Vinegars.

For The TABLE, For PICKLING, For ALL Domestic Uses.

VICTORIA DATE VINEGAR is not a cordial as the name might possibly suggest, but a Fragrant and PURE TABLE VINEGAR, delicate and soft in flavour, yet sufficiently strong for all Household purposes.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. A Tasting Sample will be sent POST FREE on receipt of application to VICTORIA WORKS, 112, BELVEDERE ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.



# It Stands Alone!

As the snow-capped summit of an isolated mountain peak, all a-glitter with the glancing sunshine, compels the gaze of the dweller in the valley, so Quaker Oats does the exalted pre-eminence of intelligence of the whole of Christendom. There it stands! over-top-ping, over-shadowing all competition, with its wide-extended base of genuine merit resting upon the popular approval of a whole world, and its cloud-reaching superiority reflecting the crowning glory of honor and able success. Quaker Oats might well serve as the text from which to preach a sermon on "The Reward of Real Merit," for only by reason of its inherent excellence has it become "Theocrat of the Breakfast Table."

It has been said that, "The man who succeeds in making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a public benefactor. How much greater the achievement of making a penny equal a shilling in purchasing power! Quaker Oats has done this, placing within the grasp of the wealthy and poor alike, the greatest health food and dietary delicacy. In the mansions of the rich, in the cottages of the poor, in princes' palaces and in dingy tenements alike has Quaker Oats become a household word. To the epicure it is a dainty morsel to tempt the surfeited appetite, to the dyspeptic a solace, and to the poor man a pleasant meal, offering to him and to his whole family a most healthful and nutritious diet. Small wonder then, that Quaker Oats has met with the universal indorsement of intelligence, and that it stands Alone! the recognized standard of excellence, a synonym for a good breakfast, the people's choice."

# Quaker Oats

SOLD ONLY IN 2 LB. PACKAGES



A Little List of  
Little Ills  
Cured by

# Carter's Little Liver Pills



Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and too Hearty Eating. A Perfect Remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pains in the Side and Back. They Regulate the Bowels.

**SMALL PILL.**

**SMALL DOSE.**

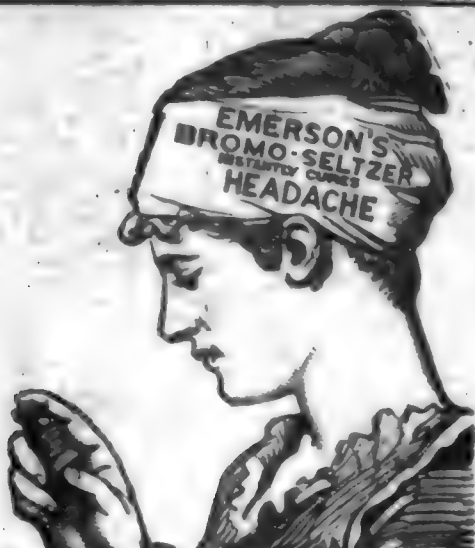
**SMALL PRICE.**

All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

But be **SURE** they **ARE**  
**CARTER'S.**



Exact Size and Exact Appearance of Package.



ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

**SOZODONT**  
For the Teeth  
is a fragrant liquid. It cleanses the teeth and the spaces between the teeth as nothing else will do, and it keeps the lips and gums firm, rosy, and sweet.

The  
Pleasantest Dentifrice  
in the World.  
Ladies who desire the immense improvement in personal beauty which brilliant teeth and rosy lips impart cannot dispense with **SOZODONT**.

Improves the colour of good teeth. Corrects the colour of bad teeth. Price 2/6, complete in Toilet Case. Be sure of having **SOZODONT**.

*Sozodont*

IS SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

## Legal Guarantee.

**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER**, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache,

no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND **7½D.** WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE. Trial bottle, post

free, 7½d. Larger sizes (1/1½ and 2/3), sold by many chemists, or obtained to order by almost all: **EMERSON DRUG CO., Ltd., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.** Insist on full name—

# EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.

THE LUDGATE

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—*Health.*

# Fry's

PURE  
CONCENTRATED

Over 200 Prize Medals  
and Diplomas.

# Cocoa

 Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

# HOVIS

BREAD  
& BISCUITS

REGISTERED

## Promote Digestion.

Supplied to the Queen and Royal Family.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

**S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.**

*Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit. BEWARE!*

"Hovis Bread is very much superior to the ordinary Brown Bread, as it causes no irritability to the stomach, and it is, of course, infinitely richer, both in its bone and muscle-making substances, than the White Bread in general use."—T. MOWBRAY HENDERSON, M.D.

6d. or 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits on receipt of stamps.





# The LUDGATE

No. 18.—Vol. III. (NEW SERIES)

APRIL, '97.

Price Sixpence

## CADBURY'S COCOA

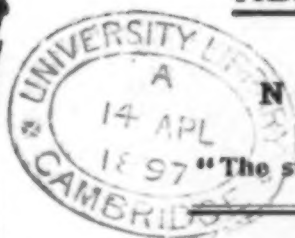
ABSOLUTELY PURE,  
THEREFORE BEST.

**NO ALKALIES USED**

*(As in many of the Dutch Cocoas.)*

"The standard of highest purity at present attainable."

—LANCET.



## MELLIN'S

*For INFANTS  
and INVALIDS*

## FOOD

Samples Post Free from

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Peckham, London, S.E.

## PETER ROBINSON LTD.

EVERY REQUISITE FOR FASHIONABLE ATTIRE  
AT MODERATE COST.

OXFORD ST. AND REGENT ST.

*GOLD MEDAL, Universa. Cookery and Food Exhibition, 1896, for PURITY and EXCELLENCE.*

## THE NEW VINEGAR

**VICTORIA DATE VINEGAR.**—An Entirely New Vinegar of Delicious Flavour and Aroma, made from Dates, and pronounced by experts in Culinary matters superior to Malt or Wine Vinegars.

**For The TABLE, For PICKLING, For ALL Domestic Uses.**

**VICTORIA DATE VINEGAR** is not a cordial as the name might possibly suggest, but a Fragrant and PURE TABLE VINEGAR, delicate and soft in flavour, yet sufficiently strong for all Household purposes.

*SOLD EVERYWHERE. A Tasting Sample will be sent POST FREE on receipt of application to  
VICTORIA WORKS, 112, BELVEDERE ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.*

**POTTER'S PERFECT PICKLES** are prepared in VICTORIA DATE VINEGAR.

**W. POTTER & SONS,** Hyson Road, Galleywall Road, Bermondsey.



# Food vs. Medicine

The people of this enlightened (?) country annually consume Sixteen Billion Pills! The wonder is that one is left to tell the tale. Pill-taking never cured anyone of indigestion. It won't cure dyspepsia. Remember that! The only way to cure dyspepsia is first to remove its cause and then let Mother Nature do the rest.

There is nothing difficult in living properly these days—not at all. Ask your doctor. Among other things he will tell you to eat cereals.

Now, a word about cereals. Cereal foods have grown very popular of late years. Oats has always been the favorite, because of all the grains it is richest in

pure food elements and possesses an exquisite flavor calculated to tempt the most sluggish appetite.

But there is as much difference between the various oat foods as between different qualities of meat, or tea, or coffee. The best, and therefore the most popular, preparation of oats is the world-famous Quaker Oats, scientifically prepared by unique and original methods. That comes to the table with its distinctive, natural, nutty flavor of the pure grain. Eat delicious Quaker Oats. Let others eat pills.



# Quaker Oats

SOLD ONLY IN 2 LB. PACKAGES.

A Little List of  
Little Ills  
Cured by

# Carter's Little Liver Pills



Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and too Hearty Eating. A Perfect Remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pains in the Side and Back. They Regulate the Bowels.

**SMALL PILL.**

**SMALL DOSE.**

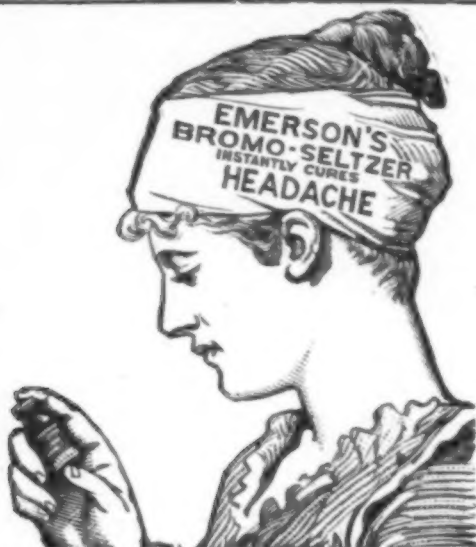
**SMALL PRICE.**

*All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.*

But be **SURE** they **ARE**  
**CARTER'S.**



Exact Size and Exact Appearance of Package.



ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

**SOZODONT**  
For the Teeth  
is a fragrant liquid. It cleanses the teeth and the spaces between the teeth as nothing else will do, and it keeps the lips and gums firm, rosy, and sweet.

The  
**Pleasantest Dentifrice in the World.**  
Ladies who desire the immense improvement in personal beauty which brilliant teeth and rosy lips impart cannot dispense with **SOZODONT.**

Improves the colour of good teeth. Corrects the colour of bad teeth. Price 2/6, complete in Toilet Case. Be sure of having **SOZODONT.**

*Sozodont*  
IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS, EVERYWHERE  
British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

## Legal Guarantee.

**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER**, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache,

no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, **AND WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE.** Trial bottle, post

free, 7½d. Larger sizes (1/1½ and 2/3), sold by many chemists, or obtained to order by almost all. **EMERSON DRUG CO., Ltd., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.** Insist on full name—

# EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.



# ARTISTIC DECORATIVE LIGHTING

For DINNER TABLES, BALL-ROOMS, &c.

It is now universally recognised by all the leading Society Papers that the safest and best means of obtaining this is by using

# ARCTIC LAMPS

WHICH BURN ORDINARY CANDLES.

## LEADING ADVANTAGES.

The Arctic Lamps are not objectionable in appearance, being exactly similar to fine wax candles.

The Candles always remain upright and the same height.



## LEADING ADVANTAGES.

The Candles burn to the very end without waste.

Absolutely safe to use—any shades can be used without the risk of their taking fire.

Photo showing effect of the Arctic Lamp in use, fitted in Candelabra, surmounted by ordinary shades, centre one removed to show shade support and extinguisher.

SAMPLE SENT ON APPROVAL ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

## PRICES (COMPLETE WITH SHADE SUPPORTS):

	Brass Fittings.	Plated Fittings.
6 inch, size of a 6's Wax Candle, for small Candlesticks, Planos, &c. ....	9/-	10/6 per pair.
8 inch, size of a 4's Wax Candle, for Tall Candlesticks, Candelabra, &c. ....	10/-	11/6 "

If by post, 3d. per pair extra.

**ARCTIC LIGHTS**—Suitable Candles for burning in the Arctic Lamp (highly recommended):

For 6 inch Lamps burning about 4½ hours, 1/4 per box of 12; postage 4½d.

" 8 " " " 7 " 2/- " " "

If a quantity is sent by post, the difference in cost of postage will be refunded.

**CANDLE, LAMP & ELECTRIC SHADES IN GREAT VARIETY.**

The Arctic Lamps, etc., can be obtained through any of the leading Silversmiths, Lamp Dealers, or Furnishing Ironmongers in the United Kingdom; or can be seen in use, with a large variety of Accessories, at the Showrooms of

**THE ARCTIC LIGHT CO., 179, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.**

Fully Illustrated Catalogue sent on application.

Wholesale Offices: 49, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.